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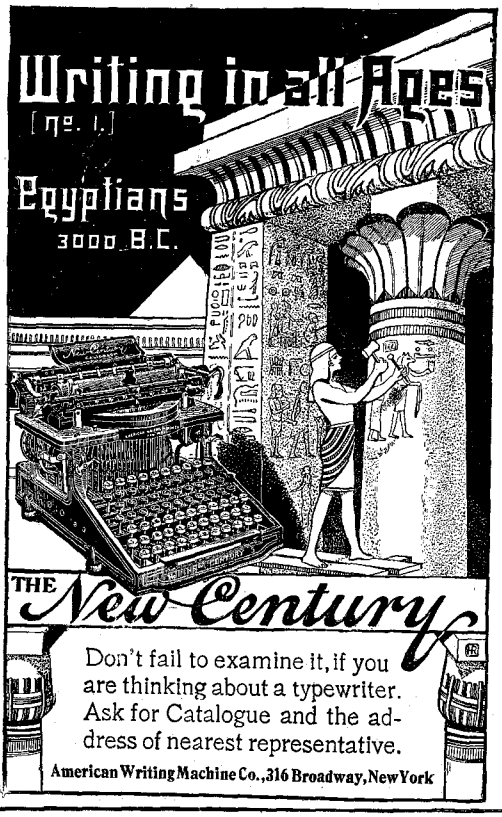
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The Outlook

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The Prospect of Peace Although as we write nothing definite has come from General Luna's request for a truce, except a voluntary temporary cessation of hostilities on the part of our forces, it is generally believed that the end of the war in Luzon is in sight. The Filipino emissaries, Colonel Arguelles and Lieutenant Bernal, asked on General Luna's behalf that a truce should continue for two or three weeks until the Filipino Congress might be assembled, and a peace be negotiated between the Congress and General Otis. This proposition was, as a matter of course, rejected by General Otis, as the attitude of the United States has throughout included a refusal to recognize the existence of a civil government among the Filipinos. It is said that the so-called Congress is already assembling, but we presume that our representatives in Luzon will deal solely with the military leaders of the insurgents. General Otis has given assurance of a general amnesty as soon as the insurgents lay down their arms. There are those who think that the proposal for a truce is merely a device to gain time for a better defense, but there is better reason to suppose that the insurgents are, as a regular military organization, nearly at the end of their resources. The tribes in the hills to the north are assuming a hostile attitude toward Aguinaldo, and may embarrass his further retreat. Mr. Schurman, of the Philippine Commission, is reported to have said, after a talk with the insurgent officers:

> I believe Colonel Arguelles is personally sincere and honest, though I have no means of ascertaining the sentiments and aims of the authorities behind him. The Filipino people, like other Asiatic peoples, have no trust in mere words, without force behind them; but, with force, I consider a conciliatory spirit of the utmost importance. I believe that, when peace has been established, governing the Filipinos will not be a difficult matter, provided we show them firmness, justice, and kindliness. At the present time they distrust and dislike us; but these sentiments, which are perhaps not unnatural, will soon be dispelled by the effects of the good government we have promised to establish here. It will be the foremost duty of American officials to understand and sympathize with the Filipinos themselves.

In one account of the interview between Mr. Schurman and Colonel Arguelles it is stated that the former revived the question of independence, and was referred to the statement in the Commissioners' proclamation that the Filipinos would obtain an increasing measure of self-government as soon as they proved themselves worthy of it. In reply to Colonel Arguelles's protest that unconditional surrender would be humiliation, Mr. Schurman replied: "There would be no humiliation in General Otis treating our brother Filipinos as General Grant treated our brother Americans at Appomattox."

❀

The Advance Movement The week's fighting, preceding this effort for peace, had been active and abounded in picturesque and heroic incidents. By a forward movement from Malolos last week the Filipino forces were again driven northward. General MacArthur's command—its two brigades being led by General Wheaton and General Hale—on Tuesday drew so close to Calumpit that, after a series of retreats and repeated skirmishes, the enemy abandoned the town, burning part of it, as they had done with Malolos. Our line was followed by an armored car which shelled the enemy's trenches from the railroad. This and the carrying of telephone communication with the advance up to the very firing-line are striking illustrations of modern military science employed in a war waged with a

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half-civilized foe in a remote quarter of the globe. Calumpit was occupied by our troops on Wednesday; in the two days our losses were only about ten killed and twenty wounded. The next day the northward advance was continued, and the fighting and retreating were once more repeated. For the first time the Filipinos used cannon, but with absolutely no effect; for the first time also they advanced against our troops in the open in line of battle; some 2,000 of the insurgents were led against the American lines, were repulsed by artillery, were rallied by General Luna in person, and finally, after holding their ground for half an hour, retired in good order toward San Fernando, a town about nine miles northwest of Calumpit. It was on this day (Thursday) that Colonel Funston and his men of the Twentieth Kansas distinguished themselves by effecting a crossing of the Rio Grande river in the very face of the enemy's trenches. Two men volunteered to swim the river with a rope, which they fastened to a tree, and returned unhurt, although bullets cut the water all about them. By means of the rope as a guiding line a roughly built raft was ferried back and forth, and on this Colonel Funston and two of his companies crossed in safety, attacked the trenches, and drove the enemy away. The total loss on our side on Thursday was reported as only seven killed and wounded. The general tactics of the Filipinos have been exactly those used when our army advanced on Malolos; no very serious stand was made at any one spot, but fighting was kept up as the retreat continued mile by mile further north. Meanwhile a parallel advance to that of General MacArthur's forces has been made by General Lawton some miles to the east. The design was to reach a town called Norzagaray by marching north from Novaliches, and thence to threaten the enemy's flank. Bad roads and bad weather placed almost insuperable obstacles in General Lawton's path. His command has shown indomitable energy, but has not been able to co-operate with the main advance. The insurgents have had just enough military science to keep their forces from being cut in two. Admiral Dewey cables that Lieutenant Gillmore, of the Yorktown, and nine of his boat's crew of fifteen are known to be prisoners.

The New York Legislature

The session of the New York Legislature which has just now come to its close indicates by its history the value of putting into the Governor's chair a man of convictions, who has, on the one hand, courage in maintaining them, and, on the other hand, consideration and respect for the convictions of others, and especially those of his own party. It indicates also that the vice of past Legislatures has lain not so much in any general corruption as in incompetent if not corrupt leaders. For it is because Mr. Roosevelt has been accepted as the leader of his party that the power of unofficial leaders, popularly known as "bosses," has been greatly diminished, although not entirely eliminated. It is no small praise for this session of the Legislature to say that it has passed practically no bad laws. For to keep out vicious legislation is no small achievement. The postponement of the White Education Bill, that the subject of unifying the educational system of the State might be more thoroughly considered, and the defeat of the bill putting cities under the police power of the State, may be regarded as illustrations of this negative, though not unimportant, service which has been rendered by the defeat of doubtful or pernicious legislation. The former bill was doubtful; the latter bill vicious. Something might be said for a system which substituted State for municipal police, and put all the constabulary of the State under one centralized authority, though we think such a system would be a mistaken one; but it is difficult to find anything really favorable in a no-system which puts the police of certain cities under State control, and leaves the police of others under local control. More important, in our judgment, was the action of the Legislature in refusing to give to the Rapid Transit Commission power to convey away in perpetuity a franchise which the people of the city had publicly resolved never should be so given away. It is probably true that the Rapid Transit Commissioners desired this power, not for the purpose of exercising it by a grant, but for the purpose of compelling municipal construction by threatening to exercise it if the municipality refused to construct; but it was not an authority which should be reposed, for that or any other

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purpose, in the hands of a small body of men, however excellent their character. To do this would have been to establish a precedent which would have been sure to vex us in future time, though the power had not been used for present injury.

❀

The Franchise Tax Bill

Some important improvements have been made by affirmative legislation. Prominent among these is the enactment of what the New York "Evening Post" calls "the most thoroughgoing Civil Service Reform statute that this or any other State has succeeded in getting;" the appropriation of funds to enable the Governor to carry on the prosecution against any canal officials, if such there be, who have been guilty of fraud or misconduct; the increase of the salaries of the school-teachers of New York, an increase based upon capacity, not mere length of term; the improvement in the primary election bill; and the provisions, yet to be subjected to actual trial, for supervision over the so-called "sweatshops" maintained in tenement-houses. But doubtless the most important law put upon the statute-book in the present session is what is known as the Ford Franchise Tax Bill. This bill was the response of the Legislature to the recommendation of the Governor for some proper taxation of public franchises, and it was carried through the Legislature by the vigor of the Governor, and against that kind of opposition which often defeats a popular bill by preventing any vote upon it. Though the leaders of both the Democratic and the Republican party are prompt to disavow any opposition to this bill, or any intention to suppress it, and although, when the bill passed finally, the vote stood 104 to 38, those who have followed carefully the history of its passage in the House cannot doubt that there were well-laid plans to prevent its being brought to a vote at all. It is possible, and even probable, that the operation of this act will bring out difficulties, possibly serious ones which will call for amendment of the law. But, as it stands, it is to be commended for two reasons: first, because it establishes the principle that a public franchise is of taxable value; and, secondly, because it provides for levying the tax on a public franchise in a very simple manner. The reader must bear in mind the difference between a corporate and a public franchise. The former is the simple right to exist and do business as a corporation, enjoyed by all corporations alike. The latter includes a grant of some valuable easement or right to such a corporation, as the right of the street railway to run its cars in the public highway. The Ford Franchise Tax Bill simply provides that all such easements, defined with great detail, shall be regarded hereafter as real estate, and, as such, subject to taxation; the tax to be levied and collected in the same manner as other taxes. Senator Depew, who commends the taxation of franchises, points out the fact that under it "there would be just as many methods of assessment and taxation as there are Boards of Taxation," and that thus "in the hands of an unscrupulous Board it [the bill] becomes a fearful weapon for the punishment of any corporation which may have incurred the anger of a local administration." This, however, applies to the whole tax system of the State, and, so far as it is weighty at all, calls for a revision of that tax system. All that the Ford bill does—and for this simplicity it is to be commended—is to bring the public franchise within the taxing power of the present tax assessors. This principle will strike all except those who own these public franchises, and have hitherto enjoyed their exemption from taxation, as essentially just and right; and if the method of determining their value and levying the tax upon them is, on the one hand, inadequate for the protection of the public, or, on the other hand, unjust to the owners of the franchise, it will not be difficult to find a remedy.

❀

The Mazet Investigation

The powers of the Mazet Investigating Committee have been enlarged by a resolution passed by the New York Assembly. The time for the investigation has been extended until the end of the year, and the scope will now include inquiry "into the influences affecting and controlling the offices of New York City"—certainly a broad phrase and one that is purposely framed to cut off the objection of witnesses that their "personal business"

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must not be touched. The preliminary report of the Committee submitted to the Legislature naturally and properly refrained from drawing conclusions from the testimony already heard or from recommending specific legislation, but it declared that the proof produced or in hand indicates "the control of the government by persons outside of it and the interference by such persons with the affairs and business of citizens and others." As the new resolution under which the Committee will now carry on its work reads, it is "authorized and empowered to extend its examination and investigation into the occupation, character, composition, expenses, operation, conduct, and control of any and every department and public office of the city of New York and of the counties therein included, and the influences affecting and controlling the officers therein, with full power to prosecute its inquiry in any and every direction in its judgment necessary and proper to enable it to ascertain and report the facts." The political feeling in the Committee itself is shown by the fact that the minority (Democratic) report denounced the Committee, of which the men who signed the report are members, as "a weak device to quote questionable practices," appointed "to conceal the known corruption and profligacy of the party management in control of the Legislature." Mr. Mazet, in reply to the direct question whether he would put Senator Platt on the stand, said that he would do so if those who demanded it would formulate the accusations they had to make against Senator Platt in connection with the subjects to be looked into.

❀

The Buffalo Conference The National Conference upon social and political reform, to be held in Buffalo from June 28 to July 4, has obtained an importance unexpected except by its prime movers and those who knew their determination to make it a success. Even its leaders have been surprised to find how many men in different parts of the country have written them, expressing the hope that the Conference would launch a new political party, with a distinctively social reform programme. No such ambitious and, for the present, impracticable plan as this is contemplated. The general topic for the discussions is "What to do next?" and the object in view is to bring reformers of different parties, with different measures most at heart, into personal relations with one another, and into some agreement, if possible, as to what measures should be put first, and what methods used to advance the measures which nearly all wish to further. Those in charge of the Conference believe that the great need at the present time is the co-operation of reformers, and not their further division by the inauguration of a new political party. Only the first two days are to be devoted to the discussion of economic measures, and the remaining four to plans and methods of achieving results. We learn from the Secretary, Mr. Eltweed Pomeroy, of Newark, N. J., President of the National Direct Legislation League, that a larger attendance than was at first contemplated is already definitely assured. Among the general committee of the Conference are Republicans like Governor Pingree and Booker T. Washington; Democrats like ex-Congressmen Williams, of Massachusetts, and Lewis, of Washington; Populists like Senators Butler and Pettigrew; Prohibitionists like ex-Governor St. John and Mr. E. J. Wheeler; trades-unionists like President Gompers and Joseph R. Buchanan, and literary men like Edwin D. Mead and W. D. Howells. All these men, however, have the same spirit, and there is no reason why they should not find more points of agreement than of disagreement.

❀

The Protestant Movement in Austria Most students of affairs in Austria who have been watching the progress of events from a distance have not attached much importance to the report of very extensive conversions from Romanism to Protestantism among the German population in that country. The extreme and bigoted form which ultramontanism has taken in that country has apparently set in motion a reactionary movement of considerable vitality; at any rate, conversions to Protestantism have become so numerous as to arouse the Roman Catholic authorities in the country, and have led the latter to attempt to stop the outflow from the Church by such repressive measures as

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lie within their authority. The Bishops, it is reported, have decided to ask the Government to place all ecclesiastical funds at their disposal, and to punish all teachers under control of the Department of Education who are showing sympathy with the Protestant movement. The newspaper organs of the Church have become more bitter, and are now declaring that the Evangelical Church is the focal point of religious and political treason. The Roman Bishops are also contemplating another step, which is less serious, but which is not without its terrors: they propose to flood the country with controversial tracts.

❀

A Race Conflict The real struggle in Austria is, however, racial, and only incidentally religious or political. It is the struggle for supremacy between the German and the Slav; and it is this radical nature of the division which has rent asunder Austria, and the difficulty of finding any way of harmonizing the two races, which make the outlook of the dual monarchy so uncertain. A generation ago Austria was governed almost absolutely by the German element. The practical independence of Hungary broke the German rule, and it has never been recovered. The supremacy of the Hungarians in their own country, the practical administration of Galatia by the Poles, and the inflexible determination of the Czechs to manage their own affairs in Bohemia, have all contributed to the steady diminution of German influence. The other races of the Empire act in solid masses on race lines; the Germans are divided on many subsidiary questions, chief among them being the Jewish question. These differences, and their steady advances in influence and political power, have given the Slavs the preponderance of power over the Germans, and the Germans are now making a desperate fight to recover lost ground. As there is a Pan-Slavonic movement, which aims at the ultimate union of all the Slavonic races under one rule, so there is a Pan-Germanic movement, which aims at the union of all German-speaking peoples under one rule, and which advocates a union of the Austrian Germans with the Northern Germans. The Southern Germans are, however, mostly Catholic, and Germany does not wish any great addition to the number of her Catholic subjects. This fact sheds an interesting light on the movement among Austrian Germans towards Protestantism. The outcome of this racial struggle no one can foresee, but, at the moment, there appears to be no ground of union between the two opposing races, except the personal influence of the Austrian Emperor.

❀

The Dreyfus Evidence The audacity of the Paris "Figaro" in securing copies of the depositions made before the Court of Cassation in the Dreyfus trial so astounded Paris that it took some time to recover from the surprise; but it begins to be apparent that the audacious journal has rendered a real service to the country by dispelling the air of mystery with which the case has so long been enveloped. How it came in possession of the testimony is not yet definitely known, although various accounts have been given. What is important is the fact that from day to day it has spread before the French people the evidence which was laid before the judges in the highest court of France, and has made it possible for the public at large to form an opinion about a case which has been juggled in an almost unparalleled way. The evidence so far has conspicuously failed to furnish any rational ground for the conviction and imprisonment of the unfortunate Dreyfus. Although a latitude in the introduction of evidence was allowed by the Court which under our own procedure would seem utterly unjustifiable, the drag-net has failed to bring to the surface any really damnatory bit of evidence. So far as can be gathered from the very fragmentary and unimportant reports which have reached this country, no new light has been thrown upon the affair. There have been plenty of speeches, sometimes of great length, before the Court, but nothing which by any stretching of the term could properly be called evidence.

❀

The Case of the General Staff General Roget, who had the opportunity of laying the entire case, as the General Staff holds it, before the Court, seems to have failed to produce a particle of proof.

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An aide-de-camp of the Ministry declared that it was only by inference that Dreyfus could be convicted upon the secret dossier, and that his chief accuser had turned out to be a forger! That case, so far as it can be gathered, may be very briefly stated: Military secrets have been revealed by somebody; there is no evidence against anybody in particular, therefore Captain Dreyfus must have been the criminal. The General Staff appear to be still concealing certain matters "in the interest of the State." It is astonishing that somebody has not brought forward the theory that, as the General Staff is the sole custodian of these secrets, and some of them have escaped, therefore the sinner must be sought within the inner circle of the General Staff. It would seem at this distance, and from the standpoint of an outsider, as if the General Staff were on trial rather than Captain Dreyfus; and the proceedings thus far published by "Figaro" seem to indicate that the General Staff has arranged, managed, and presented witnesses and evidence to suit itself, from the very beginning through all the successive stages of the case. The alleged confession of Captain Dreyfus turns out to have been an absolute affirmation of his innocence. Colonel Picquart, against whom no charge has been made in connection with the enemies of France, and whose only offense is that he has insisted that the truth ought to be sought and found at all expense, remains in prison. It is hardly credible that the French people, with this evidence in their hands, will lend themselves in any way to the criminal farce which the General Staff seems to have been playing for its own protection during the past two or three years.

❀

Samoa The best possible news from Samoa just now is no news. It is earnestly hoped that nothing will happen to complicate the situation between the three Powers while the Joint Commission is on its way. The fighting between the Mataafans and the Malietoans continues, according to reports of later date than those summarized last week. On April 15 a fierce attack was made by 2,000 Mataafans on a British force under Lieutenant Gaunt, of the Porpoise, and the British sailors were driven to their ship, which shelled the enemy and drove them off; sharp fighting took place two days later at Vailima, once the famous and beautiful home of Robert Louis Stevenson. The despatches assert that the Mataafans displayed the German flag. It is also said that a German, formerly an officer, who has been active in drilling the Mataafans, has been sent away from Samoa by the German Consul. A private letter of Admiral Kautz has unwisely been allowed to get into print, in which he humorously describes himself as "boss of the ranch," and does some burlesque bragging. This, following the indiscretion of Captain Coghlan, of the Raleigh—that incident is now closed and will be forgotten, it is thought—emphasizes the duty of officers and public men to be wary in their speech and letters. A special despatch has been sent to Admiral Kautz by the Navy Department asking him to be discreet. We think it may be truly said that more than half of the Samoan trouble has grown out of the obstinacy and self-assertion of men of moderate capacity put in places requiring delicacy of management, moderation, and good judgment. Through this cause chiefly, petty rivalries and disputes have been allowed to develop into an international difficulty.

❀

The Trouble in Nicaragua A critical state of affairs still exists in Bluefields, Nicaragua. Recent press despatches say that two weeks ago the stores were closed, business suspended, and "half-clad and drunken Nicaraguan soldiers" were parading the streets, making threats against the American and British merchants. The British and American Consuls were both away from Bluefields for the purpose of remonstrating with the Nicaraguan Government against the tyranny of General Torres, who is in command at Bluefields. The United States ship Detroit has now arrived at Bluefields, and the situation is thereby improved. What is at the bottom of the present trouble is the fact that General Torres is trying to force the foreign-born merchants to pay a second time duties already paid once by them to General Reyes, the insurgent commander, when he held the city. It is alleged that

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the merchants secretly sympathized with the insurgents (which is quite possible, considering the way in which they have been annoyed and taxed by the local representatives of the Zelaya Government); but whether this be so or not, it is a plain principle of law that payment to a *de facto* government under a reasonable amount of pressure is good payment. The foreign residents of the coast near Bluefields are anxious to have their status under the law defined, their rights and duties made clear, and protection given to them against threatened violence.

❀

The Spanish Elections

Full returns from the elections for the Spanish Cortes show that, as usual, the Government has secured a heavy majority, and the Silvela Ministry will remain in office, with a strong working force behind it, if it is able to keep its own political followers together. The House of Deputies numbers now 401, having suffered some diminution by the withdrawal of representatives from Cuba. The Government in power in Spain so completely controls the mechanism of elections that it is practically certain of a good round majority; and if that meant what it would mean in England, the Ministry would be practically continuous. But to secure a great majority in the Cortes is by no means to keep it; for no sooner is a new Cortes assembled than it immediately breaks up into small groups, and the Ministry is confronted in a more intense form with the difficulty which confronts a French Ministry—the difficulty of co-ordinating into a workable majority a number of small groups divided upon local and personal questions. It will be fortunate for Spain if Premier Silvela can remain long enough in power to carry out some of the reforms which he seems to have at heart. He is a man of unblemished integrity, of considerable force, and of very liberal and progressive ideas. He can do much for Spain, if Spain will give him the opportunity.

❀

Discontent in Russian Universities

The English papers report disturbances of a somewhat ominous character in Russia; ominous, not because they include a great number of persons as compared with the population of the country, but because they represent in an unusual degree its intelligence. In certain sections the bitter famine, commented upon in these columns several weeks ago, has led to local disturbances of a kind which often follow privation and scarcity. There have also been a number of somewhat formidable troubles among the working people. A more significant recent expression of discontent has been among the students of the universities. Russia has done a great deal for education on all lines which do not touch political life. She has attempted the experiment of giving free range to thought except in one or two fields, and with the usual results. These results she is trying to avoid by uniting the interests of the intellect, as represented by the universities, with the suppression of the intellect, as carried out by the Cossack police. A system which permits the police to strike students with whips is not likely to work smoothly if the student has even the rudimentary elements of manhood. Recent outrages of this kind have brought about a combination of students in the various universities, and it is reported that more than thirty thousand young men have, by expulsion or voluntary withdrawal, left the universities within the past few months. Eight universities have closed their doors, or, rather, the Government has closed their doors; among them those at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, and Warsaw. It is reported that the women students intend to follow the example of the men. Unfortunately, the antagonism of the intellectual class in Russia probably means very little as a menace to the Government—it is the military class that counts. As Tourguéneff long ago pointed out, the Russian peasants cannot, in their present stage of development, be organized into a body which would force reforms upon the Government; the commercial class is relatively small and largely made up of Jews; and the nobility, as a whole, is bound by ties of self-interest to the existing order of things. Under these circumstances there is little hope of any important change for the better in Russia until, as the London "Spectator" points out, the military class becomes discontented, or a Czar appears with a genius for reform.

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Worse Than Lynching

The Southerner who defends or palliates the burning at the stake in Georgia, with all the savagery which accompanied it, to which we briefly alluded last week, ought to understand the sentiment with which it is universally regarded in all civilized communities. Something can be said in justification of lynch law administered by an improvised committee and with some approximation of form of law, in communities in which either the machinery of law has never been organized or for some reason has broken down. Something can be said in excuse for a mob which, under a sudden impulse of rage or fear, acts without forms of law in instantaneously putting to death a criminal whose crime has excited the uncontrollable passion of the people. But the Georgia mob falls into neither category. Plenty of time had elapsed after the crime, and before the barbaric revenge, for passion to cool and reason to reassert itself. The indescribable horrors of the lynching when it took place were more revolting, not in their cruelty alone, but in their vulgarity, than any which history attributes to the American Indians or the mediæval peoples. As if to vulgarize the whole scene beyond compare, an excursion train was run from Atlanta to see the show; criers called the people to come and buy tickets as to a circus; according to the Atlanta "Journal," "hundreds of the best men in Atlanta took the trains; it was the best-humored crowd which ever left the city;" it went to see a scene of barbarity which we dare not venture even to describe; "and though they failed to see the lynching, at least one man in fifty brought away some memento." Traffic in relics of the saints has long been a matter for wonderment in Protestant circles; but we do not recall a case in history before in which relics of a criminal have been treasured as sacred mementos.

To call this act lynching is to honor it. To excuse it as the act of a mob crazed by commingled rage and fear is but to frame an indictment against a community which has no power to control its passions, and which makes commercial profit out of feeding and gratifying them. To tell us that the county where this crime was perpetrated is inhabited almost wholly by pure-blooded Anglo-Saxons is only to make clear that Americans cannot charge this crime of lawlessness and cruelty to an "ignorant and degraded foreign population." This unspeakable atrocity is a disgrace to Georgia, to America, to the Anglo-Saxon race, to humanity. It would be a greater disgrace than it is if burning words were not uttered in unqualified condemnation of it. The one hopeful sign in this unutterably shameful tragedy was the vain effort of a few brave men in Georgia to prevent it; and all leaders of public opinion should rally to their support and unite in condemning what they attempted to prevent, but in vain.

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Oliver Cromwell

It has taken almost three centuries to reach a clear discernment of the character and work of Oliver Cromwell. The process is not yet complete, but the three hundredth anniversary finds that process measurably near completion. It even finds a bust of the Protector in one of the corridors of Westminster Palace; that bust, by a curious coincidence, having been placed in position on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of Charles I. The modern comprehension of Cromwell owes much to the fiery energy of Thomas Carlyle in deciphering, rearranging, and interpreting the confused Cromwell letters. Rarely has a portrait of a great spirit been given the world in truer outlines, after a host of distortions and caricatures. The earlier portraitures of Cromwell by ecclesiastical or Tory writers were simply caricatures, and to this day there is a class of Churchmen who seem constitutionally unable to take Cromwell's measure.

In place of the boor which Cromwell was once represented to be, we find a man of excellent birth, breeding, and estate. "I was by birth a gentleman," he told his first Parliament. His family had contributed more than one man of distinction to the public life of England, and its blood flows in the veins of some of the most distinguished modern English families. He had been a student at the Sydney Sussex College at Cambridge, and, although his Latin was far

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from elegant, it was sufficiently at his command to enable him to carry on diplomatic conversations in it. He had a natural love of letters and music. He chose as Foreign Secretary to the Council the greatest poet of his time and one of the greatest poets of all times; and the two stand together—the one as statesman, the other as poet—as representatives of the Puritan temper and spirit. "In human society," wrote Milton, "there is nothing more pleasing to God, more agreeable to reason, nothing fairer and more useful to the State, than that the worthiest should bear rule." Under Cromwell's direction English education was reorganized and the universities reformed.

"If there was a man in England," wrote Neal, "who excelled in any faculty or science, the Protector would find him out, and reward him according to his merit." It was Cromwell's brother-in-law, the warden of Wadham College, who laid the foundation of what afterward became the Royal Society. The tenderness and gentleness of the great Puritan ruler in his own household is the most beautiful tradition of the stormy time in which he lived. When his favorite daughter, Elizabeth, lay dying at Hampton Court, her father barely interrupted his vigil by her side to transact the necessary public business. Amid all the uncertainty and labor of the Scotch campaign he wrote his wife, "Thou art dearer to me than any other creature: pray for me; truly I do daily for thee, and the dear family."

Cromwell was a Puritan of the Puritans; saturated with the language of the Bible, convinced to the bottom of his soul that salvation comes by faith, and that he was a personal instrument of God for the building up of his kingdom in the world. He was sometimes narrow, arbitrary, and, in Ireland, cannot be acquitted of cruelty; but there is no longer any doubt about his sincerity, nor any question about his great ability; and, at his narrowest, he was far broader than most men of his time. Charles I. created the conditions which made Cromwell necessary. It was Charles's ignorance of the English people, his bigotry, and his entire inability to keep faith either with friends or foes, which gave the Revolution so radical a character. It is certain that, so long as there was any hope of finding common ground with Charles, Cromwell opposed the King's death. He yielded at last to the necessity the King himself had created; it was impossible to deal with a man who kept his word with neither friend nor foe. It was a choice between personal rule and anarchy, and Cromwell chose to rule personally.

The framework of the government which he devised has passed away; he probably expected that it would pass, because he was essentially conservative in temper; but, in two or three respects, the lines of policy which he marked out predicted the great lines of English development. He was a thoroughgoing constitutionalist, and his insistence upon what he called "fundamentals," or what we should call constitutional guarantees—those bases of government which are not easy to change, like ordinary laws—showed his statesmanlike instinct. What Cromwell insisted upon, the American colonists, when they came to frame a government, worked out in its fullest form. His position was that of Hamilton, Madison, and Jefferson. He was, moreover, a firm believer in freedom of worship, and in this respect he was far in advance both of the Churchmen of his time and of the great body of non-Churchmen. His latest historian, and one of his fairest students, Dr. Gardiner, although giving him, as a representative English man of action, a place beside Shakespeare as a representative man of imagination, declares that he was not a constructive statesman. In the sense that he did not create institutions that have continued in the exact form in which he left them, this criticism is sound; but if to set in motion the streams of influence and tendency which became part of the deepest life of the nation is constructive, then Cromwell was one of the creative statesman in English history. He swept away some of the worst obstacles to the free development of England; he made arbitrary personal rule impossible. Charles II. never dared go beyond a certain line, and when George III. attempted it, it cost him half his empire. Cromwell held aloft the great truth that men have a right to worship according to the dictates of their own consciences, in such a way that England never forgot it, though it was long before she incorporated that principle fully into her organic law.

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The Great Reality

One of the most significant developments of modern thought is the steady approach of all kinds of truth—physiologic, psychologic, philosophic—to religious truth. It begins to be apparent that the religious view of life, its occupations, duties, spirit, aim, is after all the inevitable view—the view to which men must come when they gain a wide and clear knowledge of their surroundings. The religious conception of man's place and work in the world was long held by many religious people as something which did not become clear through noble living and the worshipful spirit, but was arbitrarily superimposed from heaven, and by unreligious men as a fine but wholly fictitious idea which found no warrant or basis in a study of actual conditions. It now becomes clear that the religious nature is part of the human endowment; that whenever men rise to a certain elevation they inevitably see life from the religious point of view; that Christ did not create the religious faculty, but brought into clear light the reality of the unseen world to which it addresses itself.

A striking illustration of this reinforcement of religious truth by the sciences which rest on observation is furnished by the importance which psychology attaches to that quality of repose which finds its root in faith, and which, although the inspiration of many of the noblest careers in history, has so often been regarded as a noble kind of illusion. Professor James is only one among many psychologists who are preaching the gospel of repose in things and forces invisible, not only for peace of soul but for enrichment and fruitfulness of mind. It is this gospel which, in distorted forms, lies behind most of the new religions which are finding so many followers in these days; and as a sign of reaction from the rigid externalism of the old orthodoxy, with its instinctive shrinking from fresh thought and life, these modern revivals of the old philosophies with which declining Rome consoled or entertained herself are not without promise. But it is more significant that a man of such eminence as Professor James declares that the sovereign remedy for the sterility and waste of anxiety and worry is religious faith: "The turbulent billows of the fretful surface leave the deep parts of the ocean undisturbed, and to him who has a hold on vaster and more important realities the hourly vicissitudes of his personal destiny seem relatively insignificant things. The really religious person is accordingly unshakable and full of equanimity, and calmly ready for any duty that the day may bring forth." And he quotes with approval a striking passage from a little work by Brother Lawrence, a Carmelite friar of the seventeenth century, with a title which is a sermon in itself: "The Practice of the Presence of God, the Best Ruler of a Holy Life." The pious friar, who had learned the secret of serene and fruitful living, after setting forth his determination to live only for the love of God, without reference to his personal fortunes, adds: "I shall have this good at least, that till death I shall have done all that is in me to love Him," and adds, "That since then he had passed his life in perfect liberty and continual joy." Surely never was the highest success in the art of living more adequately expressed; to have perfect liberty and continual joy is to touch the highest reaches of spiritual achievement. These great altitudes, where men breathe an air free from pollution and refresh themselves with the far-reaching beauty of a great landscape, are accessible only to those who bring faith as well as knowledge to their aid. Religion is not the staff of the feeble; it is not the resource of those who deceive themselves with dreams; it is the highest expression of the deepest experience; it is the supreme reality.

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The Spectator

The Spectator found himself the other day in a part of New York known to him only by name. Leaving the cars at the corner of an avenue near the East River, he found that he had joined a procession of people. There was an air of desperate earnestness in the movements of some of them, while others moved like driftwood on a river with a slow current, swayed by every passing breeze. Some of the people carried slips of paper which they offered to chance passers-by with evidence of anxiety. It was evident from the gestures and motions that they did not

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speak English, and that these slips were directions to be followed. It was a strange crowd, and represented many languages.

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The Spectator suddenly realized that the street through which he was passing had been given over to hospitals, medical schools, and nurses' homes. The buildings were all more or less repellent, a cross between a factory and a tenement-house, and suggested the idea of makeshifts—buildings put to a temporary use until space and money made suitable buildings possible. A cheerful-looking building at the end of the street, a pleasant and restful spot in the midst of the grim ugliness, was—the morgue. The Spectator stopped. Cheerful groups of men, women, and children sat on the curb in the sunshine chatting, smoking, thinking not of gloomy things, if the expressions told the truth, with their backs to this building, which is to most of us a chamber of horrors. The Spectator was on his way to the almshouse on Blackwell's Island—going as an observer, a citizen, who had not done his duty. Who of this crowd were going there to find a home? It was impossible to decide from appearances.

❀

Inside the building on the dock was a motley crowd, the human flotsam and jetsam of a great city; officials in uniform, and officials whose badge of authority was that of manner only, with here and there one who in the performing of his duties made occasion for joking, the subjects being the doubly unfortunate who must come, even for a moment, under his care. But, on the whole, the Spectator, as he stood there, felt that human hearts were large and human patience well-nigh inexhaustible.

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In the corner of the large, long room stood a young man, a threadbare coat buttoned up tight, the lapels crossed over the chest. The thin, collarless neck suggested that not much but the coat covered his body. His hair was brushed with great care, showing a well-rounded head. The man's face was thin, but there was in it a suggestion of refinement. He was the only man in the room whose head was uncovered, though there must have been a hundred women present. As the door opened—a sign evidently to the initiated that the time for the boat to leave was near at hand—this young man stepped up to the officer and presented a piece of paper. When he had gone down the dock, the Spectator asked the officer, "Where is he going?" "To the city alcoholic ward; lost his permit six times; hand shook so he could not hold it. Pretty bad case."

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A father, mother, and five children stood close together. The children were very clean, but there was not clothing enough to go round. The ones who had dresses had no petticoats, and coats and vests had parted company; it was evidently considered too much for the same child to wear both hats and shoes. There was no fear, nor distress, nor anxiety. A great and beneficent government, or unknown something, was going to care for them, somewhere. A piece of paper held by the man was read by an official, who directed this family to the end of the building. The mother gave one more pat to her shiny head, adjusted a bright shawl, and, rounding up the brood, with a questioning glance at her husband, she pushed the children through the door. Not a word was spoken. This was a stranded family of Italians. The Island would solve the immediate problem. The future? That was not here yet.

❀

A woman of sixty, perhaps more, dressed in deep black, a long veil hanging down her back, rose clumsily from a seat by the wall. She gave all her attention to a woman of about thirty-five, very neatly dressed, whose white face had on it such a look of dumb endurance as made the Spectator wrathful against the whole of life. For a moment he wanted to follow the advice given Job. But a man cannot die because a woman's face tells of her life's defeat. The shawl was carefully adjusted, an extra touch was given to the neat bonnet, and the woman in black gave her arm to her companion. They went to a desk and received one slip of paper. They approached the door. The young woman was allowed to pass

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through. "Where's your pass?" The older woman showed her empty hands. "Can't go," was said laconically. "For God's sake let me see her to the boat," whispered the woman in black, trembling with anxiety. "Just to the boat," she pleaded. The young woman was pushed through the door, and, turning to the woman in black, the official said: "Get a pass; you can walk faster than she can." A hopeless look came into the eyes of each of the women, while the one in black went back to the desk. Later a black-robed woman, with tears rolling down her face, waved a hand to a halting, wan figure in blue walking up a gang-plank. The white face was turned to the deck and the one friend she had in the world. Who says tears are sad? There are smiles that tear a man's heart. Later, one of five in the receiving ward at the almshouse, each with her little bundle of clothes in a blanket at her feet, was the young woman, in the blue denim dress provided by the city fathers, waiting to be assigned to her new home. "What is the matter with the young woman?" "Paralyzed all one side." "No; can never be any better."

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A three-story gray stone building, with the air about it of being crowded with people—that is the almshouse. Blue sunbonnets everywhere. Women in the sun, women in the shade; talking, dozing, sulking, just breathing, some; all sense of joy or pain, of sorrow or gladness, lost long ago. An abundant dinner of soup, bread, beef, potatoes, baked beans, had just been eaten, and the benches were crowded with women sitting in the sun. Six hundred women—women so much alike they must have felt that they were greeting their own shadows! Six hundred women living in a world created for them. The three events of each day—getting up, eating, going to bed. Always the same; and yet there was an air of content that robbed the place of the horrors of the imagination.

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The old ladies in the old ladies' home were really interesting. These old ladies are too feeble to care for themselves. Here is one in the corner busy making a "crazy-quilt." The Spectator is not sure of his technical term, but it resembled a disordered mind. Bits of silk, neckties the old lady suggested, were among the ingredients—perhaps this is a word only used in connection with cake. Crazy-quilts seemed to be popular with the old ladies. Here and there, where the occupant of a bed boasted room for a table, there were little ornaments and pictures and paper flowers. One old lady, wrapped in a shawl, with a small shawl over her head, had pinned on the wall a picture of the royal family of Germany. To these feeble folk meals were served in the ward. They were just waiting. All sting of dependence had been removed. There was all the freedom that body or mind could use; and the Spectator left them cheerful and with a new idea of what dependent old age meant. The men were more talkative; seemed to have more interest in life. They smoked, played cards, read when they had papers. They laughed. Then the Spectator remembered that he heard only one woman laugh; he knew he would always know what a "wintry smile" meant. He had seen it in the faces of the women in the almshouse. The Spectator would rather not remember the crowded wards of the helpless sick in the hospital of the almshouse.

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The Spectator boarded the boat for the return trip. Striped suits are ugly, and when one is worn by a young man of active, athletic build, who seems willing to work, it seems to the Spectator as if the world had gone wrong. Yet here they are—on the deck, trundling freight at the store-house, receiving it, everywhere, young men with this badge that for the time seems to shut them out from the world's sympathy. Standing on the dock as the boat made her first landing, there stood a man in a striped suit who had about him such an air of authority that the Spectator for the moment thought he wore the uniform of an official. The polo cap, of the same material as the suit, was pushed back over the scant red hair. The coat was thrown back and the thumbs caught in the suspenders, the fingers tapping gently on the broad, expansive chest. Beside him, in a neat blue uniform with a neat blue cap having a touch of gilt, was a most

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meek and inoffensive-looking man. The Spectator asked an official, "Who is that large man?" "That? oh! he is a prisoner, and that man in uniform his keeper."

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The Spectator has enlarged his social horizon. He knows more of life than before he visited the almshouse. He has made some new friends. He has lost some of the imagined horrors of the almshouse; he knows more of the connection between uniforms and politics. He agrees with the official on the dock: "Take away the fureigners, them Eyetalians and them Poleses, shure the place would only nade to be half as big." There was silence for a minute as his eye followed a big, red-faced man walking lamely up the gang-plank with the aid of a cane. "And, begorry, take rum off the 'arth, and we nade not be here at all, at all."

Senator Quay and the Republican Machine

From a Special Correspondent [1]

SENATOR QUAY has won a legal victory in his acquittal and endured a moral defeat. He is himself a beaten man. By no reasonable probability can he be re-elected by the Legislature which will be chosen in 1900, to which Legislature the final decision is relegated by his appointment to fill a vacancy by Governor Stone, his tool, who has done this instead of calling the Legislature in extra session. For two years to come Pennsylvania will be the political battle-ground of the most strenuous struggle yet fought in this country against an organized State political machine. The whole issue is whether the normal conditions of free institutions shall be regained in the management of the Republican party and the government of the State, or whether both shall be absolutely controlled by the personal will of one man, Matthew Stanley Quay.

Senator Quay's recent acquittal on charge of conspiracy in using State funds ends only the opening chapter in the first successful assault which has been made for half a century on the most powerful political machine in the United States outside of Tammany Hall. The evidence did not offer legal proof of conspiracy within the term of the State Treasurer, B. J. Haywood, who was associated with Senator Quay in the indictment; but the testimony and the books of the bank offered indisputable proof that for long years, barred by the statute of limitations, State funds had been deposited in the bank, while contemporaneously loans were made to Senator Quay without interest, in order to aid his stock speculations, and a sum exactly equaling one-third of the interest on current State deposits was, from time to time, paid to him, while another third went to the State Treasurer and another was credited to the bank There was nothing new in these facts. There has been no time, certainly for half a century, if not from the foundation of the State government, when State moneys were not deposited in favored banks which paid for the privilege by paying interest, not to the State, but to those in control of the State machine, or by making loans to such men without interest or without security, or without either interest or security.

These profits reaped by men in political power, who controlled money which belonged to the people of the State, gave to the machine its leaders, but this was only part of the legal plunder which supported the machine, which has held, with occasional intervals, since Simon Cameron passed from the Democratic to the Republican party, nearly half a century ago, control of Federal patronage under Republican administrations, and of State patronage at all elections save in the rare intervals of a Democratic victory. Senator Quay himself, twenty years ago, laid the foundation of his fortune and power by securing the passage of a law which gave him a heavily feed position in Philadelphia.

Where other machines have controlled a single city or a single party, the Penn-

[1] This article has been written at the request of the Editors of The Outlook by one of the best-informed men in public life in Pennsylvania. There are proper and sufficient reasons for the publication of the article without signature, but The Outlook vouches for the excellence of its correspondent's sources of information and for his sound and patriotic attitude toward the State's best interests.—THE EDITORS.

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sylvania Republican machine has exerted a dominating influence in every county in the State. It has been, from the nomination of Lincoln in 1860, a controlling force in Republican National politics. By its connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad it has always been a power in the railroad field. Through a long succession of years it has named the Governor, nominated State and local judges, and controlled the political destiny and decided the political ambition of every man of ability in the State of Pennsylvania through almost two generations, and this almost as much in one party as in the other. Only last year Senator Quay named the Democratic as well as the Republican candidate for Governor. In the campaign which followed, the Legislature was chosen before which Senator Quay came for re-election. It adjourned, without choosing him, in a deadlock—Quay, 93; B. F. Jones, "insurgent" Republican, 69; and Jenks, Democrat, 85—after a session in which the Legislature has given all its time and energy and such honesty as remains in its membership, and the State of Pennsylvania has given all its attention, to the contest. Now that it appears reasonably certain that he will finally be defeated, there is some promise that the result of the struggle will be not merely a change of bosses, but the end of a dynasty. The machine first organized in the Democratic party under Jackson, and shrewdly transferred bodily by Simon Cameron to the infant Republican party, as diseases pass from mother to child, has been maintained for two generations, so that during fifty years Pennsylvania has not seen the time until this winter in which power and leadership were not safely and securely transferred from one boss to another. Simon Cameron laid its foundations and held control. Twenty years ago the transfer was made to his son, Don Cameron, who maintained a more than dubious ascendency until, as the price of his re-election to the Senate, Matthew Stanley Quay took charge, and has held unbroken control since.

This control, like all political phenomena, rests on physical and social conditions. Two centuries ago Pennsylvania received a large German immigration, and the native German vote—a vote which is as American as any in the country so far as unbroken American ancestry can make a man an American—has always moved in masses. In some counties it supports the Democratic machine, which always works with the Republican, and in some, as in Lancaster, the Republican. As, in Germany, the great mass gravitates, in spite of all constitutional provisions, to the absolute rule of a kaiser, so the German substratum in Pennsylvania has made the ascendency of the boss easy. The strong pietistic and religious character of the early immigration to this State, of Friends, Moravian, Amish, and others, added to this bent a population pure in life, high in purpose, full of good works and social reform, but not given to aggressive political defense of political rights. Lastly, the very early development of coal and iron industries gave earlier in this State than in any other, and in proportion more than in any other of the Middle and New England States, a mass of ignorant voters, who, during the first and sometimes during the second generation, followed their political leaders implicitly. By the third generation—and it is one of the great reasons for the passing of this political tyranny—these men began to think for themselves. These industrial conditions were concentrated and controlled by the circumstance that there was only one practicable outlet from the coal regions to Philadelphia and only one practicable path across the Alleghanies. While other States at the nascent period, 1850 to 1870, had two or more railroad corporations to balance one against the other, Pennsylvania had but two, and for aggressive railroad legislation only one, the Pennsylvania Railroad—on the whole, the best-managed corporation in the country, whose political acts ought not to blind us to its enormous economic service, nor its economic service make us condone its corrupt influence.

The practical result of all this coil, which has encircled Pennsylvania, has been that the Senator at Washington, who had supreme control of the Republican political machine for forty years dominant in the State, and since 1860 in an overwhelming majority, could always command the aid of the great industries by his influence on the tariff, the aid of the two great railroads by his grip on legislation at Harrisburg, and the silent acceptance of his rule by great moral masses in the

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community so long as the Legislature contributed freely, as the Pennsylvania Legislature always has, to the charitable objects, societies, hospitals, institutions, and schools of the respectable and religious. In addition, it must not be forgotten that the rule of the Boss has been essentially political. In its system of taxation, in its city charters, and in its solution of many difficult problems of the modern State, the legislation of Pennsylvania is decidedly superior to that of New York, with which it is generally compared. As a working municipal machine, for instance, as an instrument of city government, there is absolutely no comparison to be made between the compact, well-considered charter which rules Philadelphia, and the hetereogeneous instrument which misrules New York.

Given these conditions and this past, Matthew Stanley Quay has for nearly twenty years, openly for sixteen, ruled the political institutions of the State. The sole check upon his action has been that twice, when a Governor was to be elected, a Republican bolt has resulted in the choice of a Democratic candidate; but when Mr. Quay has appealed to the people he has always been elected. When he has addressed himself to the Republican voters (and in a very large number of counties the delegates are elected at primaries in which from eighty to ninety per cent. of the Republican vote takes part), he has always been able to carry a majority of the delegates. He could probably today carry a plebiscite of the Republican party. The choice of this Republican machine for District Attorney under President Harrison is now under $20,000 bail on a charge of aiding the plot of counterfeiters to bribe the United States Secret Service and to place his assistant, the recent candidate of the machine for the State judiciary, on the Federal bench. Nor is any one greatly surprised at these revelations. A political machine is often looked upon as made up exclusively of a small group of disreputable politicians, conspicuous in its management. This is often true of a city machine. No State machine can succeed with such a force alone. Senator Quay and the dubious characters about him control and manipulate the politics of the machine, but its organization is really the connecting link and gear by which a host of highly respectable men, institutions, and corporations get their grist ground at the State mill. The corporations act with the Boss, behind him and through him, because it is the most direct way of securing legislation and protection; but these political services have not prevented the development of a system of State taxation under which corporate franchises pay a larger tax, and one more just, than in any other Eastern State. The large number of men and institutions who want something done—often good—new laws, philanthropic legislation, appropriations to universities, hospitals, schools, and charitable societies, all find their advantage in securing the aid of the Boss and his machine. He and his, content with political power and its perquisites, have been content to leave the management of almost all else to three classes—business, corporate, and public-spirited. But tyranny always rots. The men in political control have sunk from level to level, and the flagitious scandals of some of their lives, the open corruption by which they profited, and the constant bribery by which the machine and its corporate allies have worked their will in State and municipal legislatures, exposed this winter, have sunk public life to a level low beyond description. Within a year, a notorious resort in Philadelphia was long protected because it included in its patrons men of political control and high office in and out of the machine.

This foul rule was cemented during the war years, '55 to '65, when anything was accepted to save the Union. It was given commercial coherence during the speculative era, '65 to '75. It has been able to maintain itself ever since on the basis of these two consolidations. Two different influences have been separately growing. There was, in the first place, a steady increase in the strength of the two local political machines of Philadelphia and Pittsburg—one of which, controlled by Mr. David Martin, is now opposed to Quay; while the other, controlled by Mr. Christopher Magee, first supported and at the close opposed him. But it is true of both local machines, and has been for some time, that they are handled as separate political powers, whose heads and members are more anxious to carry their own schemes than to aid in the general rule of

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the State boss. In the second place, in Philadelphia and in Pittsburg, in the counties along the northern tier of the State, which received a large New England immigration, and at other points through the State, there has been growing a steady opposition to the absolute rule of one man heading a self-perpetuating body of political janizaries. This opposition, scattered through the State, has been, since 1882, making one unvarying struggle after another, always beaten, always costing the boss and the corporations that support him a larger sum each year to beat it, and always coming each year a little closer to success, and always, alas! seeing the men who led it in due time accepting place, position, nomination at the hands of the boss, and becoming a part of his machine.

What was needed was some one man with the large means which the organization of a great State to-day demands. I do not suppose any sane man who knew politics would imagine it possible to carry on a State campaign, though not one penny were expended except for legitimate purposes, without dispensing at least $50,000, and $100,000 would be needed unless the most rigorous business economy was exercised. Besides large means, it was necessary that the leader should have ability, political reputation, and the capacity for organization in politics or in business. Such a leader has been furnished by Mr. John Wanamaker. He has been able to form the connecting link between the city machine in Philadelphia and the scattered elements of opposition throughout the State. His speeches last fall, while they wholly failed to accomplish their immediate object, first the control of the Republican Convention, and next of the Republican caucus, gave such exposition and illumination of the working of the machine as has educated Pennsylvania as no State has been in a political issue since the debate between Lincoln and Douglas in 1858. Mr. Wanamaker was greatly aided by a bankruptcy that laid bare the method by which the machine used the funds of the State treasury, and furnished the evidence which was made the basis of the indictment for conspiracy against Senator Quay just tried. His campaign elected enough "insurgent" Republicans to the Legislature to defeat Quay's re-election, and it forced Quay's trial. The work now goes on with every prospect of increasing success. The bosses in control of the city machines are not immaculate; but they represent revolt, and revolt is indispensable to successful revolution.

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Cuban Industrial Relief

Last week Mr. William Willis Howard told in our columns how the Cuban Industrial Relief Fund proposes to furnish the Cubans now in want with tools, seeds, and the use of land to work on, and thus to give them a chance to live by honest, productive industry. Our readers will, we are sure, help quickly and generously in this the only sensible method of dealing with the widespread distress still prevalent in Cuba. A despatch from Havana this week states that General Ludlow is still feeding 8,000 poor people, and that he wants to get them to work on the land at once. This is exactly what the Cuban Industrial Relief Fund proposes to do. If any one doubts the need, let him send to The Outlook for a copy of Mr. Howard's pamphlet just issued, "Cuba under Our Flag." It reproduces photographs of starving men and women taken as late as March—pictures so painfully presenting proof of shocking suffering that we shrink from printing them in The Outlook, although they properly and fitly furnish the circular an impressive object-lesson of the still existing results of the terrible "reconcentrado" era. As we have already pointed out, there are thousands of men in Cuba able and willing to work and thousands of acres awaiting cultivation. The imperative need of the moment is money to put these men on that land, to pay and feed them while the crops are growing, reinvest the proceeds of the crops, and thus set in motion a constantly increasing means of industrial relief, growth, and training. What is needed, in short, is quick and liberal help in pushing the plan to immediate results. All checks and money-orders sent to The Outlook and made payable to it will be promptly applied.

CUBAN INDUSTRIAL RELIEF FUND

Balance Red Cross Launch Fund	$405.38
M. S. W., New York	25.00
Esther, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1 00
Total	$431.38

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Mayor Jones, of Toledo

By Washington Gladden

IS the Mayor's chair to be the *terminus a quo* of the popular leaders? We all know what once happened to a Mayor of Buffalo and what is now happening to a Mayor of Detroit. Are such experiences likely to become frequent? There is some reason why they should be. The city is the *crux* of American politics; the man who boldly solves it is entitled to the highest confidence of his fellow-citizens. In truth, the questions now right at the front in municipal politics are the questions around which National issues will soon be made up, and the leaders of municipal reform will be the natural leaders of National reform.

Young Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, has suddenly sprung into National fame through his resolute and successful resistance to the schemes of a voracious corporation; the people were willing to forgive a loose police administration because of his fidelity to a great trust; and they were wise. The saloons and the gambling-houses are public enemies, but their influence is far less deadly in a democracy than that of the great organization of corporate wealth which is ready to spend money by the millions in the bribery of legislatures and city councils and judges and newspapers, in order that it may fasten its grip on the people and suck their blood by slow tribute through generations. It is sometimes supposed that, while the saloon question is a moral question, the question of the success of such an attempt as that which was made by the street-car companies in Chicago and the gas combine in Philadelphia is only a financial question; and that moral questions ought to outrank financial questions. But this is a grievous misconception. There are no moral questions more vital than those which are raised in our cities by the bold, and generally successful, attempts to rob the people through the acquisition of public utilities.

All this is pertinent to the interesting history of Mayor Jones, of Toledo, who has become pretty well known throughout the country during his two years' incumbency just concluded, and whose remarkable success in the recent election has made more talk, not only among the politicians, but also among the common people, than any recent political event.

Samuel M. Jones was born in Wales in 1846, and his parents came to America when he was only three years old. Poverty and severe toil were the portion of his childhood. At the age of eighteen he found himself in Titusville, Pa., in search of work, and with fifteen cents in his pocket; his quest was soon rewarded by an opportunity to work among the oil-producers, and from that time to this he has kept in close connection with this important industry. In the rough life of the oil-fields he won his vigorous frame, his practical sense, and his intimate acquaintance with the conditions of the working people. With small opportunities of education, he so well employed his leisure that we find him now possessed of considerable knowledge of literature, a keen relish for the best that has been said in prose and verse, and a good, clear English style, often lit up with a felicitous phrase or a telling quotation. He is a well-made man physically, about five feet ten, muscular, with a large blue eye, a genial face, and a manner of great frankness and directness.

Clearly he was too brainy a man to be long working by the day; he soon rose to positions of responsibility, and became an employer himself. In 1893 he invented an important improvement in the apparatus of the oil-wells, and, finding no manufacturer willing to produce his device, he set up his own shop in Toledo. "This brought me," he says in an interview, "in contact with ordinary labor conditions for the first time in my life. As a rule, labor in the oil-fields had enjoyed large wages compared to similar classes outside. I found men working in Toledo for a fraction of a dollar a day. I began to wonder how it was possible for men to live on such a small sum of money, as citizens of a free Republic. I studied social conditions, and these led me to feel very keenly the degradation of my fellow-men, and I at once declared that

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the so-called 'going wages' should not govern our business. I said the rule that every man is entitled to such a share of the products of his toil as will enable him to live decently, and in such a way that he and his children may be fitted to be citizens of a free Republic, should be the rule governing the wages of our establishment."

"Without waiting for any," Mr. Jones set up the principle of a "minimum wage" in his shop; no man should work for him for less than a specified wage. After a year or so he became convinced that one remedy for the prevailing unemployment was the shortening of the labor day, and the adoption of the eight-hour day in his shop was accompanied, not by a reduction, but by an increase in the daily wage. At the same time he changed the hours of labor in the oil-fields under his control from twelve to eight, employing three shifts instead of two for the twenty-four hours. For the wider introduction of this reform in the oil-fields he has labored enthusiastically, but with little success; there are few wells besides his own in which the men do not work twelve hours.

Mr. Jones recognizes the fact that his patent enables him to disregard the competitive rate of wages in his factory; he does not take great credit to himself for maintaining a standard higher than would be possible in unprotected industries; he simply declines to appropriate the whole of this advantage, and divides it with his men. Every year, in addition to the wage, a labor dividend of five per cent. upon the amount earned by each man is distributed, and every man who has worked six months or more in the establishment is given a week's vacation with full pay at some time during the year.

In addition to these efforts to improve their material conditions, Mayor Jones has sought to put himself into the most brotherly relations with his men and their families. Let me quote again from that interview:

> I soon discovered that the men were lacking in something else beside wages. The men were conscious of social inferiority, and I could not understand how a man who had done no wrong could or should feel inferior to any other man simply because he worked with his hands. Without any organized plan for the purpose or without hardly knowing myself what I was doing, I determined that no such feeling should exist. To break down the feeling of social inequality, we began to "get together"—that is, we had little excursions down the bay. We invited our workmen and their families, and also some other people who live in big houses and who do not work with their hands. We sought to mix them, to let them understand that we are all people—just people, you know.

As business prospered, Mr. Jones built for himself a fine house in one of the beautiful residence districts; but when the house-warming came, the party was made up of his workmen and their wives and sweethearts.

Mayor Jones has been a wide reader of literature relating to social questions; he has made the acquaintance of many of the leaders of social reform; he has invited many of them to Toledo to give free lectures for the education of the people. But his social theories all rest on the Sermon on the Mount. The one thing that he believes with all his heart and soul and mind and strength is that the teachings of Jesus Christ are practicable. Early in the history of his industrial enterprise in Toledo he came, as he says, to feel the need of a rule to govern the place. "So we had the following printed on a piece of tin and nailed to the wall. It's there to-day: 'The rule governing this factory: THEREFORE WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM.' We told the boys that this was a double-acting rule, which, to be carried out, required that they should do their work as they would want us to do it if they were working the office and we were in the other end of the shop. After nearly four years of a test, I am pleased to say that the Golden Rule works. It is perfectly practicable and is worthy of a trial. It is nearly nineteen hundred years since Jesus gave it to the world, and the least his professed followers can do is to try it."

Adjoining the Golden Rule factory was a vacant lot 150 feet square, with several fine old trees; Mr. Jones bought it, and has made a pretty park of it—Golden Rule Park—with chairs and settees and swings and a May-pole for the children, and a speakers' and music stand. Here, every Sunday afternoon in the mild weather, there is music, and speaking by some one competent to teach, usually on some phase of the social question. "Golden Rule Hall" has also been fitted up in the second story of the factory,

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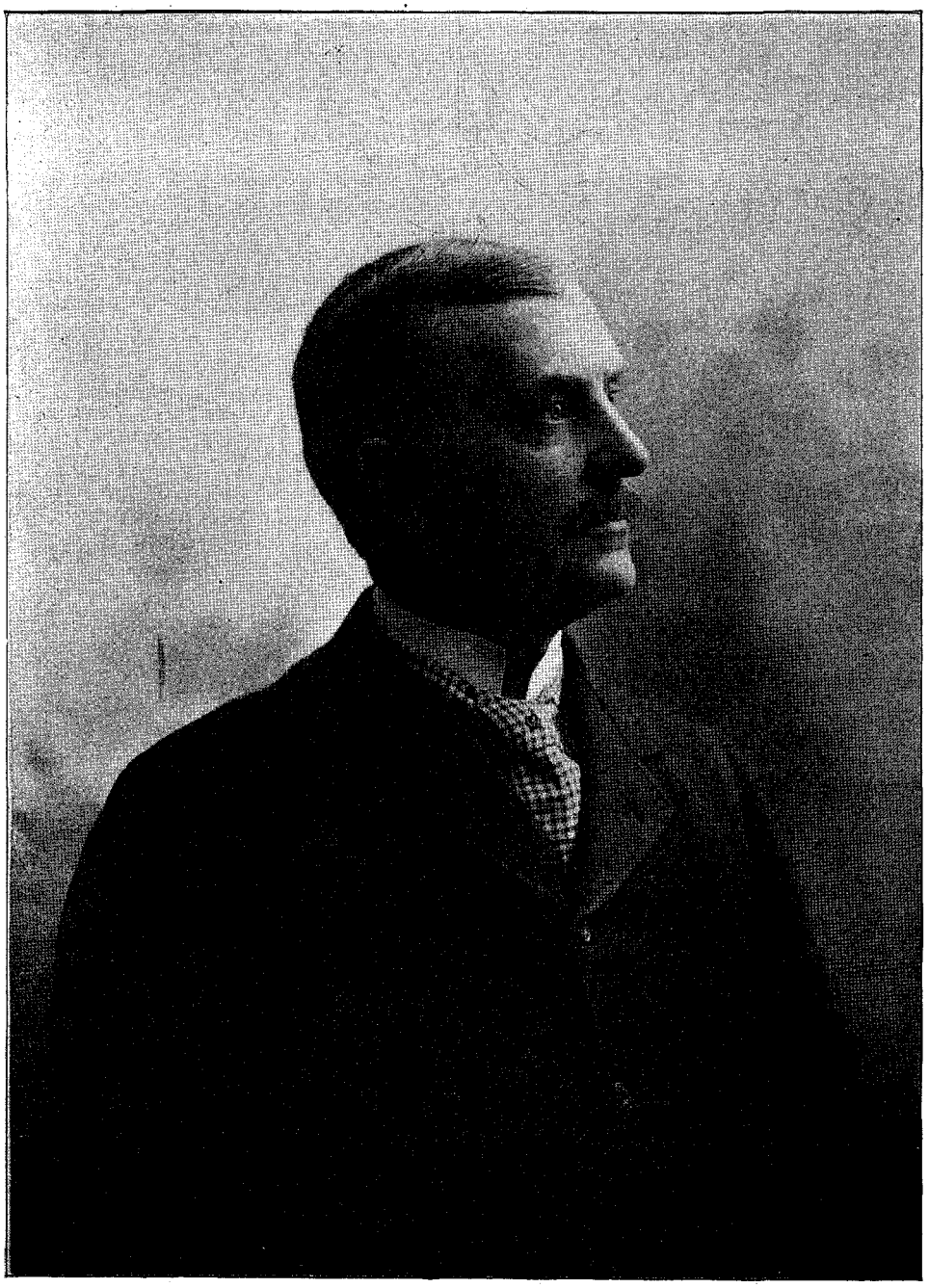

Faithfully Yours S. M. Jones

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where similar meetings are held in the cold weather.

By all these manifestations of his spirit and purpose Mr. Jones became pretty well known, especially to the working classes of Toledo; and when, at the Republican Convention held two years ago for the nomination of municipal officers, a deadlock occurred in the attempt to select a candidate for office, some daring individual ventured to suggest as a compromise candidate the name of Samuel M. Jones. The nomination went through like a whirlwind; and Mr. Jones was elected by a handsome majority, though the corporations and the saloons both stoutly opposed him.

His two years' incumbency has wrought many changes in his following. Not a few who shouted for him in his first campaign denounced him in the second; and a great many of those who feared him then are now his enthusiastic supporters. This is due, no doubt, to a considerable change in the attitude of the Mayor himself. During the two years he has been advancing pretty rapidly in the direction of Socialism. He is not an advocate of any sudden or radical changes in the industrial order, but his attempts to grapple with the question of employment and his experience with the corporate ownership of public utilities have convinced him that the existing economic system must be greatly modified. He insists, for one thing, that the right to work is a natural and sacred right; and that the State must never ask any man to eat the bread of a pauper until it has given him a chance to earn his own bread. The failure of employment, as he has constantly confronted it during his term of office, he believes to be a chronic condition for which public provision must be made. And this opinion modifies, to a considerable extent, his ideas about municipal administration. It leads him to feel that drunkenness is the effect, more than the cause, of poverty; and to have less faith than once he had in the suppression of drunkenness by law. His enforcement of the law against the saloons has been much less rigid than was expected of him, and those to whom this seems the principal thing have lost faith in him. Mayor Jones claims, however, that there has been less drunkenness during the last year than formerly; that the administration of the police force has been of such a nature that vice and crime have been prevented; and that prevention is better than punishment.

His last message indicated the extent to which he wishes to go in the direction of Socialism. Omitting a few items of local interest, the following is a summary of its recommendations:

The establishment of a city plant for the manufacture of fuel gas.

The control and operation by the city of the electric lighting plant.

The establishment of civil service in all departments of the municipality.

The enactment by the Legislature of laws that will give the city such a measure of Home Rule as will enable it to "bring out the best that is in its own people."

No grant or extension of franchises to private enterprise without the approval of the people.

The abandonment of the contract system on all public work, such as paving, sewers, etc.

The compilation and publication of the city directory by the municipality itself.

The establishment of kindergartens as part of the public-school system.

The sprinkling of the streets by the city itself.

A larger appropriation for public parks.

An appropriation for music in the parks.

The establishment of playgrounds for the children.

The establishment of free public baths.

The veto power to be abolished, and the referendum to the people substituted in its place.

This does not seem at the present moment a very radical programme. Municipal ownership of public utilities is its most socialistic feature, and that plank was in the platform of every party in the late election at Chicago. But the vigorous advocacy of it by Mayor Jones enlisted against him all the holders of franchises; and in these a great many of "our best citizens" are directly or indirectly interested.

Such disaffection as I have indicated, utilized by the manipulation of the political machine, which had, of course, no use for Mayor Jones, resulted in defeating his renomination in the Republican Convention. Immediately he announced himself as an Independent candidate, upon a platform sufficiently explicit:

"Equal opportunities for all and special privileges to none.

"Public ownership of all public utilities.

"No grant of new or extension of existing franchises.

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"The abolition of the private contract system of doing city work."

Upon this the battle was joined, and the battle was a fierce one. The prominent papers bitterly opposed Mayor Jones; the Ministers' Union repudiated him; it was alleged every day that the good people were all against him, and that his support came wholly from the vicious and disorderly classes. But the Mayor made a very active campaign, speaking in all parts of the city to great audiences, and making a kind of speeches, I venture to say, which have not been made very often in political campaigns. Amidst all the storm of obloquy and misrepresentation he kept his temper, refusing to indulge in personalities, and pleading only that the people, in a democracy, must have what belongs to them, and that the foundation of government must be "equal opportunities to all and special privileges to none." Democracy, as he understood it, rests on Christ's law of love, and this is what he preached up and down the streets of Toledo, in season and out of season. It must have been rather a bewildering moment to the average politician when Mayor Jones stepped upon the platform at the last meeting before the election, in the great armory packed with voters, amid a tumult of applause and cries of "What's the matter with the Golden Rule?" "What's the matter with brotherhood?" It was a notable speech that followed. Mayor Jones declared that he had sought to discharge the duties of his office in such a way as to bring the blessings of good government to all the people. He spoke rather sadly of the opposition of some whose friendship he might have reckoned on. "It is not pleasant," he said, "to be counted among the disreputable, to be classed as a 'demagogue' and a 'dangerous man;' but there is comfort in the reflection that men at whose feet I would count it an honor to sit have been called demagogues." He had no promise to make of any change of policy. "In the future as in the past I shall pin my faith to love as the only power that can save the world; and if again I am called into the public service, I shall use my best endeavor to administer love as law. It seems to me preposterous that Jesus would practice a 'hickory and shotgun' policy in dealing with evil. There is but one way to overcome evil, and that is both scientific and Scriptural. 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good;' and that policy will overcome the evil that flows from the saloon, as well as from all other sources. The one way to finally overcome the saloon is to provide a better substitute."

So far as the question of franchises was concerned he was perfectly unequivocal. All public utilities must be owned and controlled by the people. "The private ownership of public utilities is a crime against democracy." This is his unflinching declaration. And his eye is constantly fixed on the day when we shall really have "government of the people by the people for the people," with all that it implies. "It is because," he said, "I see in the awakening social conscience of the Nation the dawn and promise of a better day that I proclaim its coming. It is because I believe that brotherhood is the goal towards which the race is progressing, and because I see in the near future the realization of a degree of liberty that will make equal opportunity for all, that I plead for a more just social order, an order that shall recognize the Golden Rule of all the people as the law of the land."

On this platform, an independent candidate, with all the newspapers and both the political machines fighting him, Mayor Jones received 16,752 votes, against 4,260 for the Republican and 3,155 for the Democratic candidate, carrying every election precinct in the city of Toledo. It scarcely needs to be said that this has come upon the mind of the average politician with the force of an apocalypse. He stands amazed and bewildered before it. He begins to wonder how he can get hold of this man and use him.

There is evidence of the pendency of chaos in both of the great political organizations of this State; and it is not wholly inconceivable that Major Jones, if put upon his own platform, as an independent candidate, might carry the State in the next gubernatorial election. But I know that he covets nothing of the sort, and is perfectly content to stay where he is and work out the municipal reforms for which the people of Toledo have given him such a large order. Nor am I at all sure that this is not the very best thing that he could possibly do.

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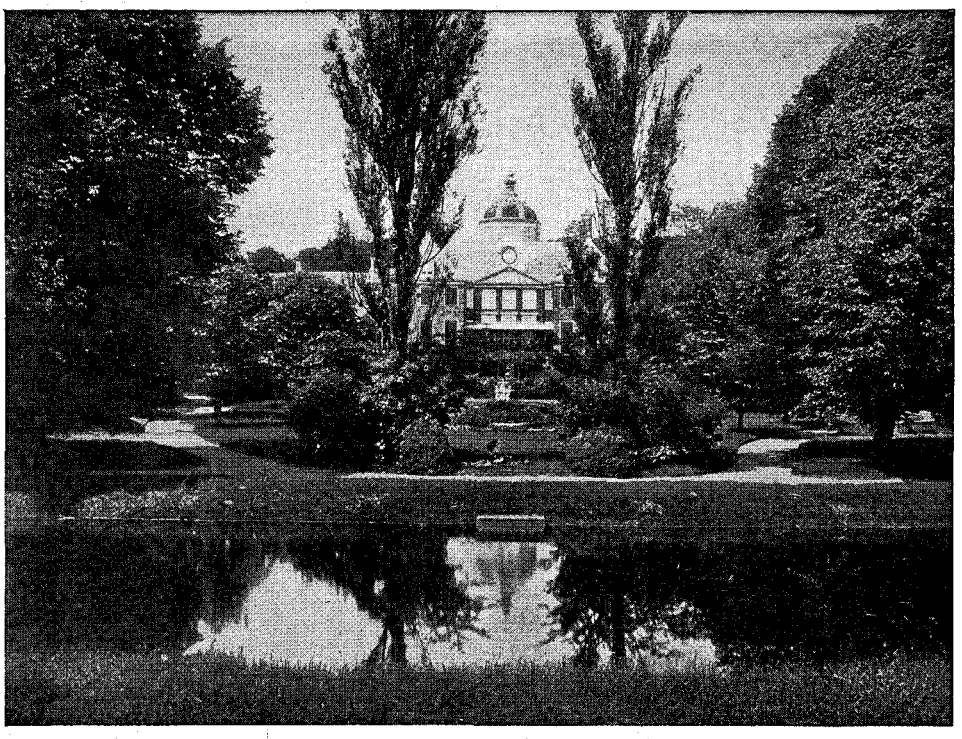

THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS

The Peace Congress at The Hague

IT would be hard to find a more appropriately peaceful spot for the meeting of the Peace Congress than the beautiful summer palace called "The House in the Woods" at The Hague in peaceful Holland. Here on the eighteenth of the present month will gather delegates officially designated by the nations of the world to consider the possibility of lightening the military burdens of the peoples, and to make at least a tentative approach toward substituting reason, justice, and arbitration for the continuous threat of war. The real significance of the Congress will probably come not so much from what may be actually accomplished as from the fact that the Congress marks a turning-point in the way of regarding international questions. The opinion grows that the Czar, the greatest military autocrat in existence, is yet thoroughly sincere in his conviction that the time is at hand when methods of military aggression must be abandoned, or at least restrained, by mutual agreement. The chief aim will be, not toward immediate disarmament, but toward agreement not to relatively increase the present armaments. This is, to an idealist, a slender beginning; but when to it are joined the various proposed restrictions of certain practices in war, and the undertakings in behalf of humane principles wherever possible in warfare, it must be admitted that there is hope of a substantial result immediately, as well as indefinite possibilities for future combined action. Here is a summary of the points to be discussed:

(1) An agreement not to increase naval or military forces and the corresponding budgets for a fixed period; (2) an endeavor to find means of reducing the forces and budgets in the future; (3) interdiction of the use of any new weapon or explosive of a power higher than now made; (4) restriction of the use of the most terrible of existing explosives, and forbidding the throwing of any explosives from balloons or similarly; (5) forbidding the employment of submarine torpedoes and similar contrivances; (6) undertaking not to construct

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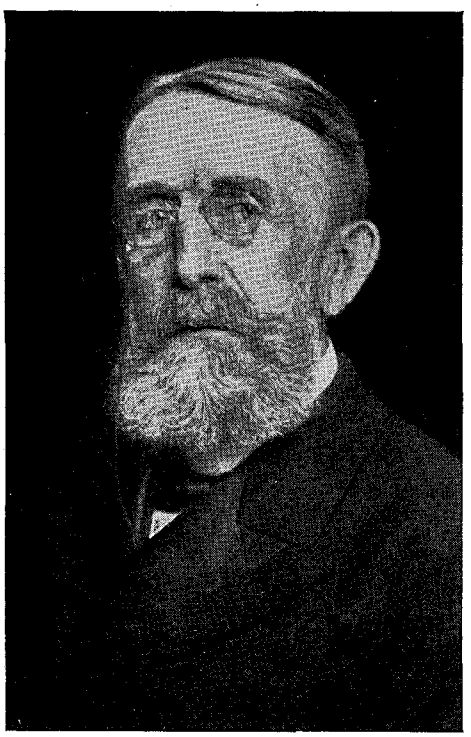
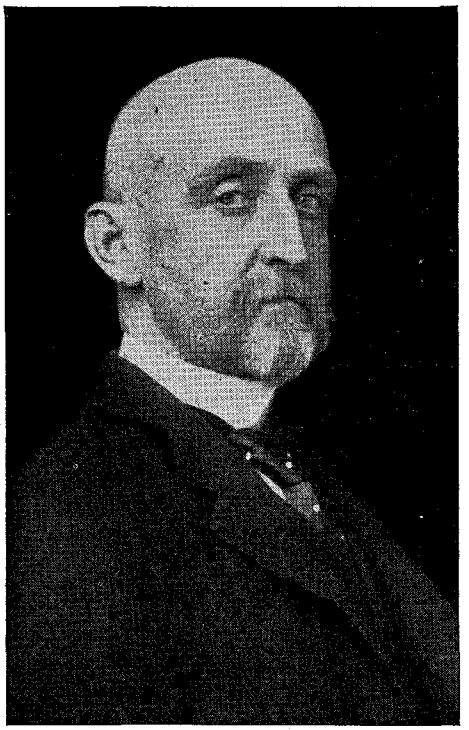


ANDREW D. WHITE
Photograph by Hollinger.



CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN
Photograph by Hollinger.

vessels with rams; (7) application of the Geneva convention to naval warfare; (8) neutralization of vessels saving those wrecked in naval battles; (9) revision of the declaration concerning the laws and customs of war elaborated at Brussels in 1874; (10) acceptance of the principle of mediation and arbitration in such cases as lend themselves thereto.

It will be seen that this programme is by no means sentimental or impracticable. Despite Tolstoï's dictum that nothing can be accomplished except by the absolute refusal of the individual to bear arms, it is true that to diminish the extreme horrors of war, to make the rights of neutrals and non-combatants clear and inviolable, and, above all, to urge arbitration and mediation, are objects of great moment and well worth striving after.

A special correspondent of The Outlook will tell its readers whatever is possible to tell of the deliberations of this Peace Congress, of the views and impressions of the delegates, and of the actual results attained. Meanwhile it is gratifying to note that the American delegates named by President McKinley are men of high ability, of wide experience in public affairs, and of conspicuously representative character.

Thus, ex-President Andrew D. White has filled a large place in the educational and diplomatic history of the United States. As President of Cornell University for eighteen years, and before that as a professor of history and literature at the University of Michigan, his broad culture and thorough methods were widely recognized by all interested in university progress. In the service of the United States Government his personal record is equally notable. He was an attaché at St. Petersburg as far back as the Crimean War; in 1879 he succeeded Bayard Taylor as Minister to Germany, while in 1892 he was made Minister to Russia, and finally in 1897 was again sent to Berlin under the new title of Ambassador. Dr. White has also twice served on international commissions—those relating to San Domingo (1871) and Venezuela (1897). His appointment as a Commissioner to The Hague could not conceivably have been bettered.

President Seth Low and Captain A. T. Mahan are equally admirable appointments, each in its special way. President Low has had, as our readers know, executive and organizing experience in business,

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STANFORD NEWEL
Courtesy of the "Literary Digest."

SETH LOW
Photograph by Hollinger.

in the government of a great city as its Mayor, in forming the charter of the consolidated city of New York, in administering the affairs of a great university, and in many special municipal activities. He will bring to the work of the Peace Congress broad and humane views and a thoroughly equipped mind. Captain Mahan is known throughout Europe as the most original and instructive living writer on naval history and on "the influence of the sea-power"—to quote part of the title of his most famous book. He is an expert in all matters relating to naval strategy and to the philosophy of warfare; and his profound technical knowledge makes him eminently qualified to throw light on the difficult questions that must come before the Congress. Captain Mahan has been in the United States Navy since 1861, was President of the Naval War College from 1886 to 1889 and from 1892 to 1895, then had command of the Chicago, but again during the war with Spain served as a member of the Naval War Board (or Board of Strategy, as it was popularly called).

As Captain Mahan represents the United States Navy in our Commission to The Hague, so Captain William Crozier may be said to stand for the United States Army. He is a distinguished officer of the Ordnance Department, but during the war with Spain he served with the Volunteers at his own request. Captain Crozier is one of the inventors of the disappearing gun-carriage which is so prominent a feature of our modern coast-defense. Mr. Stanford Newel is our present Minister to The Hague, and his appointment was obviously fitting and desirable as adding the element of active diplomacy. Mr. Frederick W. Holls, the other member of the Commission, is a New York lawyer in active practice.

We have above referred to the lack of faith in results from the Congress expressed by Count Tolstoï. He has spoken with his usual vigor in a letter twice or thrice published in altered and rewritten versions. From the letter in its final form (which we find in the "Independent," of this city), translated by Mr. Aylmer Maude, whose recent article in The Outlook on the Doukhobors our readers will remember, we select some sentences which clearly state Tolstoï's central idea:

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"The aim of the Conference will be, not to establish peace, but to hide from men the sole means of escape from the miseries of war, which lies in the refusal by private individuals of all participation in the murders of war. And, therefore, the Conference can on no account accept for discussion the question suggested.

"With those who refuse military service on conscientious grounds, Governments will always behave as the Russian Government behaved with the Doukhobors. At the very time when it was professing to the whole world its peaceful intentions, it was (with every effort to keep the matter secret) torturing and ruining and banishing the most peaceable people in Russia, merely because they were peaceable, not in words only, but in deeds, and therefore refused to be soldiers.

"With amazing effrontery, all Governments have always declared, and still go on declaring, that all the preparations for war, and even the very wars themselves that they undertake, are necessary to preserve peace. In this sphere of hypocrisy and deception a fresh step is being made now, consisting in this: That the very Governments for whose support the armies and the wars are essential, pretend that they are concerned to discover means to diminish the armies and to abolish war. The Governments wish to persuade the peoples that there is no need for private individuals to trouble about freeing themselves from wars; the Governments themselves, at their conferences, will arrange first to reduce and presently quite to abolish armies. But this is untrue.

"Armies can be reduced and abolished only in opposition to the will, but never by the will, of Governments. Armies will only be diminished and abolished when people cease to trust Governments, and themselves seek salvation from the miseries that oppress them, and seek safety, not by the complicated and delicate combinations of diplomats, but in the simple fulfillment of that law, binding upon every man, inscribed in all religious teachings, and present in every heart, not to do to others what you wish them not to do to you—above all, not to slay your neighbors. Armies will first diminish, and then disappear, only when public opinion brands with contempt those who, whether from fear or for advantage, sell their liberty and enter the ranks of those murderers called soldiers; and when the men now ignored and even blamed—who, in despite of all the persecution and suffering they have borne, have refused to yield the control of their actions into the hands of others, and become the tools of murder—are recognized by public opinion to be the foremost champions and benefactors of mankind. Only then will armies first diminish and then quite disappear, and a new era in the life of mankind will commence. And that time is near.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM CROZIER
Photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

"And that is why I think that the refusals to serve in the army are facts of immense importance, and that they will emancipate mankind from the miseries of war. But the opinion that the Conference may conduce toward this is quite an error. The Conference can only divert people's eyes from the sole path leading to safety and to liberty."

It will be seen that, as always, Tolstoï is an irreconcilable to the idea of compromise or of collective rather than individual conscience. Yet it remains true that the beginning is half the battle.

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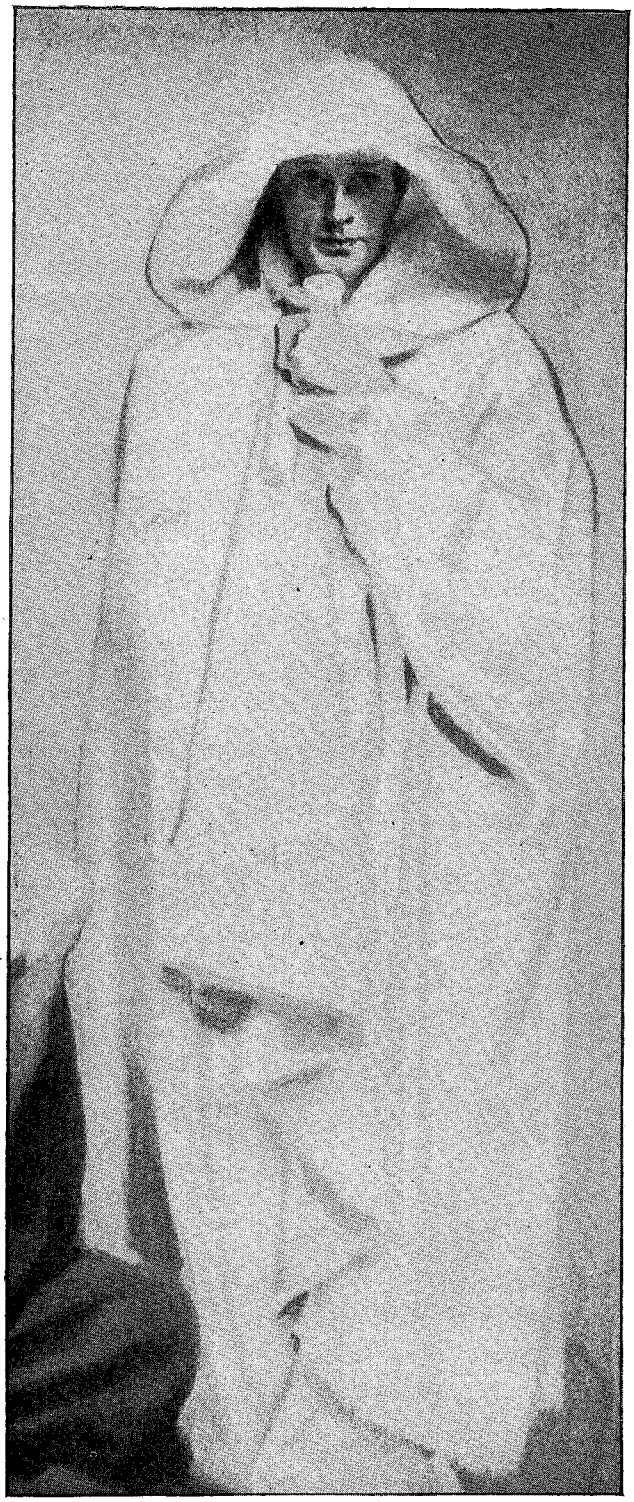

HOSEA

From Mr. J. S. Sargent's frieze, "The Prophets," in the Boston Public Library.
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Hebrew Prophets and American Problems

Hosea, the Prophet of Mercy

By Lyman Abbott

CLOSELY following Amos, and in part contemporaneous with him, was Hosea. He belonged to Israel, not to Judah, and lived in the time when the penalties Amos had announced were already beginning to fall upon this corrupt nation. For though the reign of Jeroboam II. had been characterized by imperial expansion, increasing trade, and growth of wealth and luxury, there had been no enlargement of liberty, no expansion of justice, no increase of purity. Jeroboam II. died. His kingdom became the prey of faction. In twelve years seven "puppet kings," as Hosea contemptuously called them, reigned over Israel. Of these seven kings four were assassinated. Revolution followed revolution, and no change brought reformation. "The time," says Dr. Pusey, "during which Hosea prophesied was the darkest period in the history of Israel. Politically all was anarchy or misrule; kings made their way to the throne through the murder of their predecessors, and made way for their successors through their own. Shallum slew Zechariah; Menahem slew Shallum; Pekah slew the son of Menahem; Hoshea slew Pekah. The whole kingdom of Israel was a military despotism, and, as in the Roman Empire, those in command came to the throne; Baasha, Zimri, Omri, Jehu, Menahem, Pekah, held military office before they became kings." [1]

The public troubles would have been quite enough to make sore the heart of so tender a man as Hosea, but he had troubles of his own which might have but did not make it bitter. His references to them are brief and enigmatical, but from them it is not difficult to construct the tragic story of his domestic life. He married. His wife was unfaithful to him. His first child he recognized as his own, and named him Jezreel, from the famous battlefield of Israel. Then a daughter was born, but not until he had discovered the infidelity of his wife, although he had not put her away. Two years later a son was born. He had as little faith in the legitimacy of the son as in that of the daughter. The one he called "Not knowing a father's love," or "The unloved one;" the other he called "No kin of mine." We are not to regard these as their real names, but this his designation of them in his prophecy tells sufficiently the tragical story of his life. Still he did not divorce his wife nor send her away from him. He was living in an age like that of the Stuarts in England, when unchastity among men was regarded as honorable rather than shameful, and perhaps he thought a time in which man justified unchastity in himself was not one in which man should be vindictive toward an unchaste woman. Certainly he did not turn his faithless wife away from him. But she grew weary of him—perhaps of his very piety and love—and abandoned him. Prophets have rarely been rich men, either in olden or in modern times. And she was ambitious; eager for wealth and what wealth could give her. She abandoned her husband for some other lover, whose name is unknown to us, who would give her earrings and jewels and fine dresses. The next scene in the tragic story was inevitable. She sank lower and lower; went from lover to lover; and finally sold herself into a life of public harlotry. But though Hosea had never forgotten, he had always forgiven her; and when he finally found her a slave—by what process he traced her and discovered her he does not tell us—he brought her back, though she had fallen so low that he paid for her less than would be paid for one of the cheaper and poorer slaves. Her beauty and her charm were gone; love for her was impossible; and when he took her he said to her, "No more wife of mine are you, no more husband of yours am I, but I will be your guardian and your protector." And there the story ends.

Wise is the man who knows how to extract honey from the thistle; wise the

[1] "The Minor Prophets," Vol. I., p. 9, 10.

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man who knows how out of his profound sorrow to learn lessons of God's love and God's truth. Such a wise man was Hosea. He did not devote himself to a discussion of the problem of moral evil. He did not even consider the question, Does God send trouble? But he said to himself: This experience has not been sent to me in vain; it was a part of the divine plan that I should have such a wife, and such an experience with her, and that I should learn some lesson from it: what is that lesson? And he learned it; and this was the lesson that he learned: That God is the faithful lover, and the unrighteous nation is the unfaithful wife; and the sin against God is a sin, not against law chiefly, but against love; and that love is infinite and eternal and unbroken, and cannot be destroyed. So out of this hard experience of bitter personal grief, looking upon the corruption of an unfaithful nation, and learning from his own parable the reality of the history and its meaning, he teaches that meaning.

If we compare Amos with Hosea, we may say that Amos is the prophet of law, and Hosea is the prophet of love: Amos recognizes sin as breaking law; to Hosea, sin is contempt of love: to Amos, repentance is the breaking off of sin; to Hosea, repentance is the returning to love: to Amos, men are to be driven to God by threats of judgment; to Hosea, men are to be drawn to God by the enticement of affection. Perhaps this antithesis is too sharp to be quite true, as most antitheses are; but it will serve to indicate the characteristic difference of these two prophets of Israel.

The relation between the people of Israel and their God is, in the conception of Hosea, the relation between a wife and her husband. Sin is disloyalty to the husband; suffering is the discipline which God administers that the unfaithful wife may be brought back to her husband again.

She shall follow after her lovers, but she shall not overtake them; and she shall seek them, but shall not find them: then shall she say, I will go and return to my first husband; for then was it better with me than now. For she did not know that I gave her the corn, and the wine, and the oil, and multiplied unto her silver and gold, which they used for Baal. Therefore will I take back my corn in the time thereof, and my wine in the season thereof. . . . And I will lay waste her vines and her fig trees, whereof she hath said, These are my hire that my lovers have given me: and I will make them a forest, and the beasts of the field shall eat them. . . . Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope: and she shall make answer there, as in the days of her youth, and as in the day when she came up out of the land of Egypt. And it shall be at that day, saith the Lord, that thou shalt call me, My husband; and shalt call me no more, My lord. . . . And I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness: and thou shalt know the Lord. And it shall come to pass in that day, I will answer, saith the Lord, I will answer the heavens, and they shall answer the earth; and the earth shall answer the corn, and the wine, and the oil; and they shall answer Jezreel. And I will sow her unto me in the earth; and I will have mercy upon her that had not obtained mercy; and I will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people; and they shall say, Thou art my God.

Thus, according to Hosea, sin is more than violation of law. Its deep disgrace lies not in wrong inflicted upon neighbor or children or friend or wife or nation. It is not even disloyalty to a lawgiver. It is unfaithfulness to a husband whose love is deeper than the deepest and stronger than the strongest. No priesthood, no sacrifice, no ceremonial, can counterbalance this personal disloyalty of the heart to the divine love.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge: because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also reject thee, that thou shalt be no priest to me: seeing thou hast forgotten the law of thy God, I also will forget thy children. . . . And it shall be, like people, like priest: and I will punish them for their ways, and will reward them their doings.

No careless conviction, no easy good faith that God is too merciful to punish, no cavalier treating of evil as good in the making, can suffice to restore the breach between the unfaithful wife and her loyal husband, between unfaithful Israel and her long-suffering God. Hosea scoffs at the airy and jaunty penitence which so misreads the divine mercy. This passage is often misunderstood because taken from its connection, and the experience which he condemns has often been quoted as though it were the experience to which he summons Israel:

JEHOVAH: I will be unto Ephraim as a lion, and as a young lion to the house of Judah: I,

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even I, will tear and go away; I will carry off, and there shall be none to deliver. I will go and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offense, and seek my face: in their affliction they will seek me earnestly.

ISRAEL: Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up. After two days will he revive us: on the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live before him. And let us know, let us follow on to know the Lord; his going forth is sure as the morning: and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter rain that watereth the earth.

JEHOVAH: O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the dew that goeth early away. Therefore have I hewed them by the prophets; I have slain them by the words of my mouth: and thy judgments are as the light that goeth forth. For I desire mercy, and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings.

Can there be any greater sin than that of a wife who betrays her husband and is unfaithful to him because she believes he will pardon her infidelity and take her back again if things go ill with her? Yes; there is one sin greater than that. It is for men to trade on the mercy of God, to say, We will take our fill of sin, will disregard his love and ignore his will because he is merciful, and, when we are weary of our wandering, he will take us back again. This was the spirit of Israel, and of this Israel-spirit there is no lack in our own time. It is the spirit which forgets the secret of life, forgets that God is truth, is purity, is righteousness, and thinks that this forgetfulness of him and the resultant disregard of truth and righteousness can be condoned by the careless penitence and the false faith which says, "After two days he will bring us to life, and we shall live before him."

This type of character Hosea illustrates by a striking metaphor. The Israelitish housewife heated a flat stone and put it before an open fire, and then, making a thin cake like a Scotch scone, laid it on the stone to bake, and when one side was baked, turned it over and baked the other side, somewhat as griddle-cakes are baked by us. Ephraim, says Hosea, is a cake not turned,[1] a cake burned to a cinder on the one side, unbaked dough on the other. Well does George Adam Smith interpret and apply this spirit to our own time:

> How better describe a half-fed people, a half-cultured society, a half-lived religion, a half-hearted policy, than by a half-baked scone? We who are so proud of our political bakers, we who scorn the rapid revolutions of our neighbors and complacently dwell upon our equable ovens, those slow and cautious centuries of political development which lie behind us—have we anything better than our neighbors, anything better than Israel, to show in our civilization? Hosea's epigram fits us to the letter. After all those ages of baking, society is still with us an unturned scone; one end of the nation with strength burnt out of it by too much enjoyment of life, the other with not enough of warmth to be quickened into anything like adequate vitality. No man can deny that this is so; we are able to live only shutting our hearts to the fact. Or is religion equably distributed through the lives of the religious portion of our nation? Of late years religion has spread, and spread wonderfully, but of how many Christians is it still true that they are but half baked—living a life one side of which is reeking with the smoke of sacrifice, while the other is never warmed by one religious thought. We may have too much religion if we confine it to one day or one department of life; our worship overdone, with the sap and the freshness burnt out of it, cindery, dusty, unattractive, fit only for crumbling; our conduct cold, damp, and heavy, like dough the fire has never reached.[1]

Sin is contempt of God's love. Repentance is a profound conviction of this sin and a sincere and penitent return to him. No airy, jaunty, careless going back, with the belief that nothing serious has happened and that the account is easily settled; life no half-baked scone with emotions burnt out by revivals in the meeting-house, by sensationalism in the pulpit, by emotionalism from the choir, while practical life is left cold, selfish, unpalatable to our neighbors in daily conduct.

How, then, will Hosea bring Israel back to God? By the portrayal of God's love. Love is the central truth in his teaching. God's love for Israel is the foundation truth; disloyalty in Israel to God's love, Israel's sin, the second great truth; return to love and God the only repentance is the third great truth; love the motive power that can bring men back to God is the fourth great truth. So this wonderful book closes. Many scholars think that the close of the book attributed to Hosea was written earlier and does not belong where it now finds its place; and other scholars do not think it was written by Hosea at all. I cannot agree with either. Hosea seems to me to be one of those intense men who sees clearly the evil of his time, yet hopes against hope

[1] Hosea vii., 8.

[1] "Book of the Twelve Prophets," Vol. I., p. 273, 274.

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for the triumph of the good, whose soul is a perpetual debate between despair and hope, who now thinks that the nation is doomed to destruction, now sees in it some germ of righteousness, now warns it of an inevitable doom, now hopes to recall it from that doom by entreaty. These closing chapters eloquently portray the battle that goes on in such a mind between despair and hope, between the irrevocable sentence of condemnation and the entreaty to return to love and life.

He imagines Israel at last awaking. Alas! it was but a dream; she did not awake. He imagines Israel coming back thus to its God in loyalty and love. Alas! it was but an imagination; Israel did not return. And in this imagination, and founding his last words on this hope, he thus proclaims the joy of God in forgiving:

I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely: for mine anger is turned away from him. I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall blossom as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and blossom as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon. Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols? I have answered, and will regard him: I am like a green fir tree; from me is thy fruit found.

False prophets may be divided into two classes: the careless optimist and the despairing pessimist. The careless optimist tells us there are no dangers and there need be no fears. He can see nothing in the Nation's history but triumphant democracy. He rolls off from his flattering tongue the figures of its census, the story of its increase of territory, population, and wealth. He claps his hands in exultation, and to all that is evil and corrupt he shuts his eyes; or, if he recognizes in his time some evils, he says time will cure all. As he estimates the Nation, so the individual: the young man must sow his wild oats; the married rake makes the best husband; God is too merciful to punish sin; evil is only good in the making.

Such an optimism is fatal to endeavor. If evil is only good in the making, let us go on and make evil that good may come. If a married rake is the best husband, send him to licentiousness to school to fit him for the domestic circle. If sowing wild oats in youth prepares for a harvest of wheat in old age, then let us sow wild oats in youth, and so prepare for the harvest of wheat in age. If there are no evils in the Nation which time will not cure, why worry ourselves over primary elections and political corruption?

On the other hand is the pessimist who can see nothing but evil. To him the Nation is on the highway to destruction. We are now on the eve of a revolution as fatal as that which overtook France, as fatal as that which overthrew the Roman Empire. He sees in society only its disintegrating and corrupting influences—the liquor-shops, the gambling-hells, the sensational newspapers, the corrupt politicians. He does not think of the thousands of Christian churches and the tens of thousands of homes from which influences for healing and life-giving are issuing. If he looks upon the church, he can see only the defaulting Sunday-school superintendent or the sensational preacher and the false priest. If he looks upon the home, he can see only the stories of scandal and divorce. He sees nothing good in man, nothing uplifting in society. He is inspired by no hope to make any effort for the world's improvement.

Hosea was neither a pessimist nor an optimist. He did not believe in the specious but false aphorism, "Look on the bright side of things." He dared to look on the dark side of things. He dared to face the corruption, the licentiousness, the brigandage, that were eating out the life of his nation—dared to see it and describe it at its worst. Yet in his heart there was a great hope founded on his faith in God and on his love for God. On this faith in the All-Father, on the faith that in humanity there would be found at last some response to the love of the All-Father, his hope for his people was founded. This is the optimism of the true prophet, the optimism of the New Testament, the optimism of Christ, who in the darkest period of the world's history took for his message this: "The kingdom of God is at hand."

That God is love, that sin is infidelity to love, that repentance is return to love, that love is the basis of the inspiration to repentance, and that not in blindness to evil, but in faith that it can be overcome, is the foundation of hope—this is the message of Hosea.

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AMERICA'S WORKING PEOPLE

BY CHARLES B. SPAHR

IV.

The Negro as an Industrial Factor

Conflicting testimony

What I have written about factory towns in New England and the South, and about farm life in Arkansas, is what nearly every visitor who heard and weighed the evidence would confirm. What I shall write about the negro, however, will perhaps be contradicted by five visitors out of six. The others would not, indeed, contradict the individual statements I shall make, any more than I would contradict theirs, but they would insist, with truth, that I have accepted testimony which they would have disdained, and rejected testimony which they would have accepted as conclusive. The only way, therefore, to make my report impartial is to tell what I saw and believed, but at the same time indicate where my conclusions are rejected by the great mass of intelligent men who have known the negro all their lives.

Negro laziness

An example of the necessary rejection of evidence came to me the first full day I was in the South. It was in a little town in Kentucky, where I was entertained by a college graduate of exceptional intelligence, who had to some extent employed negroes in constructing water-works systems. This man not only knows ten times as much about negroes as I do, but in some ways likes them better, so that his adverse testimony could not, apparently, be ruled out on the ground of prejudice. Yet the point about which he was surest regarding the negro was his ineradicable laziness. Ordinary negroes, he said, do not work more than one day in six. They may work a few days straight ahead, but then they will knock off, for some excuse or none, and not try to get work till every cent they have earned has been spent. Sixty days in the year would cover all the work they do. He did not question the liberality of this estimate, and when we met a negro employee of his at the station—whom he admitted to be a good workman—the negro was shrewdly noncommittal about the justice of the generalization. The crowd of idle negroes about the station gave it apparent support, and he would have laughed at my caring what the negroes themselves said about it when I questioned a group of them in front of a negro store at the railway junction, twenty miles away, where I was detained a couple of hours, and spent the whole time talking with negroes. I myself, at that time, doubted their testimony, but when, later, I questioned employers of negro labor upon a large scale, I found that they were altogether right and he altogether wrong. It is true that at Birmingham the Vice-President of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company told me that the uncertainty of negro labor made it necessary for his company to keep twenty per cent. more negroes on their rolls than could be at work at the same time, while with white labor no more need be kept on the rolls than there were places for. But even this moderate statement of the greater irregularity of negro labor had to be still further modified after my talk with the superintendent in direct charge of one of the Tennessee Company's largest works. The superintendent's statement was that while the negro's tendency to lay off for camp-meetings, funerals, and picnics of course amounted to something, the negro was no more likely than the white man to be away from his job because of drunkenness, and that the negro laborers could stand the hot work at the furnaces more steadily than the whites. For the hard, hot work at the

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furnaces, for which the negroes were employed, he thought that just as many extra men on the pay-rolls would be needed if all the labor were white. And when I found that the day's labor was a twelve hours' stretch in the intense heat, I did not wonder that the negro averaged hardly four days out of five. This favorable testimony at Birmingham was supported whenever I talked with men who employed enough negroes to generalize from. On the great cotton plantation which I visited in the Black Belt, the planter told me that his negro tenants worked from sun-up till sun-down day after day, except during the season when the crops were laid by and the "protracted meetings" were held. At the barrel-head factory at Jonesboro', where negro labor was employed almost exclusively, the proprietor, an Indiana man, said that one of the reasons he hired negroes was because he found it difficult to get white men who worked steadily, though he paid the same wages as at the North. This was probably an exaggeration on the other side. But while negro labor, on the whole, did not seem to be quite as steady as white, the difference was so small that it was hard to account for the gross exaggerations of negro laziness uttered with such confidence by intelligent whites. Apparently the good-humored contempt in which negroes are held keeps the whites from learning what the negroes themselves think upon such matters, while the disposition to ridicule the inferior race keeps the generalizations to its discredit in perpetual circulation, while those to its credit are rarely made and never repeated. Richard T. Ely once said with truth that in the North a fact unfavorable to monopoly rarely got beyond the paper in which it first appeared. In the South facts favorable to the negroes stand just as little chance of wide citation.

Negro theft

With my strong prejudice in favor of the negro, I, of course, took pleasure in hearing what he had to say about his alleged shortcomings, and rarely did these conversations fail to pay. The negro, more than the white man, is disposed to be agreeable, and it is possible to get his assent to almost any statement you wish. But there is a great difference between a negro's assent to your ideas and his light-hearted and garrulous expression of his own. It was when they talked freely that their testimony weighed. This first day at Fulton, what the negroes said in answer to the sweeping charge of laziness was one of the less interesting parts of the talk. One of the group turned from this charge of laziness to the charge of stealing, which, as he said, "the white folks is always bringing up against us colored people." "Why," he exclaimed, "if us colored people did as much stealing as white folks say we do, we would all be living in brick houses." Then he went on to say that when colored people did steal, they never stole much. "One day," he said, "a storekeeper down here had his store broken into, and just a few groceries taken. He was talkin' to me about it, and I told him that negroes had done the stealing. 'What makes you say that?' he says. 'Why,' says I, 'if white folks had done the stealing they'd have taken all you had, while colored people only take what they want for a few days, and leave the balance.' And, sure enough," he concluded, "it turned out that it was negroes that had done the stealing." This statement about the amount that negroes stole was confirmed by the whites, while nearly all the testimony was to the effect that the amount of stealing done was less than it used to be. My host on the plantation in the Black Belt told me that the negroes would "run out" of the neighborhood a negro family that stole. When all the chickens were owned by the white people, the negro sentiment against chicken-stealing was naturally lukewarm; but now that a great many negroes own chickens, the rights of property have gained in sanctity. I was told by the negro financier at Concord that sermons against stealing are now common. It makes a great deal of difference in morals whether our class owns the ox that is gored; and when the time comes when there are wealthy negro congregations, their pulpits, I doubt not, will ring with denunciation of all that assails vested rights, even though they become silent regarding pride, extortion, and other forms of inhumanity hated only by moralists in touch with the poor.

Who employ negroes

But while all that I saw confirmed my prejudice that there is a great deal of our common human nature in the negro, some of my prejudices were all out of harmony with the facts.

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The most important of these was my prejudice in favor of the men who gave negroes employment. I have no doubt still that there are men in the South who give negroes the preference because of their sense of the injustices practiced against the race; but they are men of the missionary type, whose broad human creed cannot be narrowed by the feeling of those about them. I certainly met none of them, and I met several employers whose conscience was alive upon the question whom they employed. All of these gave the preference to men of their own race. This was first deeply impressed upon me at Jonesboro', where, not far from the "heading" factory, which employed chiefly negroes, was a stave-factory which had never employed anything but white labor. It was in the stave-factory that I found cordial relations between employer and employed, and the employer—who bore the strangely selected Scriptural name of Moloch—was clearly expressing his own feeling when he said, "People don't think it right to employ negro labor when there is white to be had." This was the universal feeling among those who did not hold that the hiring of labor was purely a matter of cents, and not of sentiment. So strong was this feeling among the farmers thereabout that when a manufacturer named Adams opened a stave-factory in competition with Moloch's, and attempted to run it with negro labor, the farmers would not sell him lumber. "Moloch's factory," I was told, "was just lined with bolts, but Adams couldn't buy any at all, unless he shipped them in on the railroad, and that was too expensive. Nobody would sell to him, and he just had to give it up. He didn't hire white labor himself, but he sold out to a man who has never hired anything else." Here was a boycott of a new kind on this side of the water. Boycotts where the boycotters refuse to buy have been common enough ever since our Revolutionary fathers set the example. But a boycott where men of Anglo-Saxon instincts refused to sell is novel in our annals. No mixed motives of sentiment and economy could be counted on to keep it alive. It was pure self-sacrifice in behalf of a cause.

Of course it may be said that the cause was a bad one, but this does not destroy the moral quality of its support. What your character is does not depend upon what you believe, but on how much you are ready to sacrifice yourself for your beliefs. The South believes in giving the preference to white men, and it is the conscientious men of the South who give this preference. Particularly did I find this to be the case among farmers. Of these the men who wished to treat their hands as men preferred white labor; while those who wanted servility, and particularly those who wished to underpay their help, to drive them contemptuously to menial or excessive work, to feed them scraps and lodge them in disreputable shanties, could not get along with anything except negroes.

The kind of work negroes do

As a rule, however, men at the South, as at the North, hire white men or negroes from economic rather than moral considerations, and nearly all large employers hire both. Where both are employed, the kind of work done by men of each color is usually distinct. At the cotton-factory at Lindale, for example, the whites were employed for all the "inside" work, and blacks for the "outside." In the "yard" the monopoly of the blacks was as complete as the monopoly of the whites in the factory. A white man, I was told, who tried to do any teaming or hauling would soon be laughed out of his "nigger job." At the box-factory in Jonesboro' there was the same distinction, though a different reason was given. "We have negroes," I was told at the office, "to do the driving, unloading, and so on, because white men won't work outside in all kinds of weather." At the "heading" factory in the same town, where negroes had been employed for inside work (in spite of a warning the employers had received, signed by "The Jonesboro' Mob"), the employer told me that he hired negroes for "the hardest work," and white men for "the work requiring the most skill." This distinction was the most common one. Closely akin to it was another, due to the greater ability of the white to take responsibility. In the furnaces at Birmingham, where the negroes outnumbered the whites about ten to one, all the foremen I saw were whites. The reason for this, I was told by the superintendent, was not merely the greater ability of the whites to take the responsibility of management, but the unwillingness of the

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negroes to be bossed by their own race. Thus the "fourth estate"—like our own third estate in the past—is being kept down by its preference for leadership from the class above. On the largest cotton plantation I visited I was glad to find that the foreman was a negro and a most successful manager in every part of the work—even when his employer hired convict labor to supplement that of his regular tenants and hands. But such cases were rare. Farmers who expressed to me the strongest preference for negro labor because of its cheapness told me that it did not pay to hire a negro to clear land or to do any work where he had to be left to manage for himself. Negro labor, in fact, was spoken of by Southern farmers as Italian labor is by Northern contractors. You can drive it to do a great deal, but it requires a great deal of driving. One or two farmers who preferred white labor put their preference solely on the ground that you could go away and leave a white workman to shift for himself, while the negro didn't do well unless you were standing over him. The owner of the great cotton plantation, it is true, said that he had no difficulty whatever in getting good work from negro hands by letting them know how much work he expected of them, and praising them for doing the work well. By spurring a negro's ambition, he said, you could get any amount of work out of him. This employer, however, was the exception both in judgment and in kindliness. Under ordinary employers the great mass of negroes—even more, perhaps, than the great mass of Italians—work inefficiently when not under close supervision, and even goading. The proverb that "every country has the Jew it deserves" can be applied with equal truth to the laborers. Every country has the labor it deserves. The methods used for generations with the slave labor of the South, as with the servile labor of Italy, have left their marks in the irresponsibility of the workmen, their inability to manage for themselves, and a disposition to relax effort when external pressure is removed. They have also left their impress in the negro's unreadiness and inability to handle machinery. Again and again I was told that "machinery doesn't pay with negro labor." Here again the situation is only a little worse than in the countries of Continental Europe where the servility of the laborers has long been demanded. The first, the one, prerequisite to the industrial elevation of the negro is the development of self-reliant manhood.

Town wages

My first glimpse of Southern wages upon the present trip came to me at Tennessee City—called "city" only because that is its name. At this little settlement the woman who came to do the washing for the doctor with whom I stopped received twenty-five cents for her morning's work. "The price used to be fifty cents," the doctor's wife told me, but during the hard times it had come down to a quarter. In this particular case it was a poor old white woman who received these wages. On my way to Jonesboro', a lady who was my table companion at a junction where we both changed cars said that domestic servants —always negroes—in the town of two thousand people where she lived received $6 a month. When, therefore, I reached Jonesboro', and began to inquire about the wages of negro men in the box and barrel factories, I was surprised to learn that most of them received as much as $1.25 a day, and a few of them, I was told, as high as two dollars. Where their work was practically the same as that of the whites, their wages were practically the same. Furthermore, I found that there had been no reduction of wages since the hard times set in, in 1893. The growing lumber industries in that district had not yet known what slack work was, and there had been no intimation of a cut in wages. Jonesboro', therefore, will furnish a favorable source of statistics when the next Senate Commission attempts to prove that wages have not fallen. In New Orleans my inquiries were confined to the workmen in the sugar industries. In the works of the American Sugar Refining Company I found that the ordinary workmen were getting thirteen cents an hour—a reduction of only three cents an hour "since the passage of the Wilson Bill" in 1894. The outside workmen had suffered heavier reductions, but their wages, even when paid by the hour, were for such irregular work that the average day's earnings could not be safely reckoned. The weighers at the docks, for example, each couple of whom received seventy-five cents a hundred barrels before

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the passage of the Wilson Bill, had been reduced to fifty cents with the withdrawal of protection, and still received fifty cents in spite of protection's restoration. The greater reduction in the wages of the outside workmen was perhaps due to the fact that their labor was of a lower grade and therefore more exposed to the strain of competition during the hard times. The "roustabouts" who did the loading and unloading of vessels at the wharves were perhaps the lowest class of laborers in the city, and were driven like beasts by their overseers—degradation causing brutality and brutality causing degradation. The superintendent who was explaining the situation to me narrated that one day one of the roustabouts carrying a barrel up the plank to a vessel slipped and fell into the river, and the foreman's only shout was, "Look out for that man's barrel!"

Country wages and rations

The fall in wages in the city was largely due to the fall in the country, and was greatest where country labor could compete. When I went from New Orleans to a great sugar plantation, I found that wages had been reduced from ninety to sixty cents a day the year of the passage of the Wilson Bill. On the passage of the Dingley Bill restoring protection, they had been increased to seventy cents a day, but this increase seemed to be due rather to the exceptional fairness of my host than to the necessities of the economic situation. When I reached the cotton plantations where tariffs had never affected prices—save of the things that were bought—I found the greatest reductions of all. Six or eight years ago, I was told, wages were seventy-five cents a day, but now they are from thirty to forty cents. I could scarcely credit these statements at first, but they were repeated by different persons with only slight variations. At one time I thought I saw an important qualification when the son of my host on the great cotton plantation in the Black Belt conceded that the old wages were without "rations," while his father was now paying thirty-five cents with rations. "It seems to me," I said, "that that makes a good deal of difference." "Not much," he replied. "Rations only cost about five cents a day." And so it was. "Rations"—pronounced răsh-uns—was not a term whose meaning varied with the generosity of the employer and the capacity of the hand. A week's ration was always the same thing: "three and a half pounds of bacon and a quarter of a peck of meal"—the former worth about twenty-five cents, and the latter but little more than a dime. These, of course, were country "rations." Even in the towns, however, the question whether rations were supplied was but little more important. My negro financier at Concord, who employed a good many men, often had them take their meals at a restaurant, and his bill for each hand was always ninety cents for a full week—eighteen meals at five cents a meal!

But the lowness of money wages on the cotton plantations in the Black Belt is not yet fully stated. If weather prevented work, wages stopped. Wages by the month were not twenty-six times thirty or forty cents, but twenty times those amounts, or six to eight dollars. There were no white farm-hands in this district, so that I was unable to make any exact comparison of farm wages for the two races; but in northern Georgia, where I spent a night upon a much smaller cotton plantation, I found that eight dollars a month with board was now considered fair wages for a white man. In the case of a white man, however, board is considered a much more important item, for the South recognizes "equal rights" among white men to a greater degree than the North. The white hand is treated as one of the family, and my hostess in North Georgia reckoned his board at five dollars a month. A good white farm-hand who lives at his own home and gets his meals from there commands thirteen dollars a month.

The negro hand lives in his own cabin.

Domestic servitude

Even domestic servants, not only on the plantations, but in the towns, almost always spend their nights in their own homes. They would rather, I was told, pay two dollars a month rent for a shanty (and two dollars a month in the Black Belt is from one-third to *one-half* of a woman's wages) than room in the house of their employer. In most cases this arrangement is essential, for the negro girls marry young, and there are very few years in which they ought not either to be at home with their parents or at home with their children. But, whether essential or not, this arrangement is insisted upon, and these domestic servants at the South

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have a degree of liberty known only to the higher ranks of labor at the North. Of course this custom had its origin in feelings hostile to the negro, but the negroes cherish their liberty as much as the white girls at the North who work in factories and even laundries where they are their own mistresses during stated hours, rather than do lighter work for larger material rewards in households. Needless to say, the arrangement not only lightens domestic servitude for the servants, but for the mistresses as well.

"Pluck-me" stores

Of course the pitifully small wages of men in the country are generally supplemented by the produce of garden or poultry-yard, and often by the privilege of cutting all the wood needed for fuel, and even the loan of horse and wagon with which to haul it. In the towns, however, the wages of negroes are in reality even smaller than they seem from the pay-rolls. To an extent unknown in the North, save in the backward parts of Pennsylvania, the system of company stores prevails, and the extortions practiced exceed even Pennsylvania endurance. It was at Birmingham, Alabama, that the extent of this system was first impressed upon me. Here I found that not only coal and iron companies, but even railroads, employed this ancient instrument of oppression. In the case of the railroads, however, I was told, the company itself did not manage it, but local officials for their own private profit. One official, I was reliably informed, had even taken advantage of his position to raffle off his horse and buggy by the sale of tickets to his subordinates. At the railroad "commissary," however, the white employees were in no way required to make their purchases. One of them said that he had never bought a dollar's worth there, and had never been asked to. It was the employees who didn't get ahead, and thus, as a rule, the negroes, who furnished the business for the commissary. The companies are generally two weeks and often a full month in arrears with their wage payments, and meanwhile the poorer employees are given tickets with which they can buy whatever they want at the company store. One official who talked with me frankly about the system said that where his company paid one dollar in wages it expected to get fifteen cents back in the profits of the commissary. Those aggrieved by the system—including, of course, merchants—were inclined to put the pluckings higher. When I visited the surburban works of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, whose commissary was not classed among the worst, I asked a negro employee what sort of prices were charged. "Something awful!" he replied. "Yesterday, when the clerk handed me out ten cents' worth of sugar, I just stood and looked at it to see how shrunk up it was!" As the commissary was not far off, I also went and bought a dime's worth of sugar, receiving a little package that was one of a pile already done up. I had it weighed at a competitive store in Birmingham. The weight was exactly one pound. At the Birmingham store they kept no pound packages, but the price of sugar in the larger packages was a trifle less than seven cents a pound. In New York it was six cents for a single pound. The negro's story was thus fully confirmed, but I judged that his illustration had been well selected for his side of the case. At all events, an official whom I thoroughly trusted said that the negroes who got hard up for money had no difficulty in selling their tickets to white employees for seventy-five cents on the dollar. The ordinary wages of the negroes at these furnaces were ninety cents a day, so that the ticket for a day's work was worth seventy cents in cash. The white employees who bought the tickets and used them for their own purchases profited by the system.

In Birmingham I heard of tickets on various commissaries selling as high as eighty-eight cents on the dollar, and as low as fifty cents. I had no opportunity to verify the more extreme stories, but when a week later I visited North Georgia, I stopped at a blast furnace a few miles from Rome, where disinterested neighbors told me that for months at a time all the employees, white as well as black, received their wages exclusively in store orders, and that the price for this scrip had frequently fallen below seventy-five cents on the dollar. One Northern manufacturer, who had refused to introduce the demoralizing system into his own factory, spoke of its evils with peculiar freedom. His associate, he said, had kept store in the North, and had been interested in

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comparing prices. At one commissary he had asked the agent the price of a certain sewing-machine. "Forty-three dollars," was the reply. "Can't you buy it wholesale for eighteen dollars?" he had then asked, and the astonished storekeeper had replied: "About that price." At another place, where a tenant behind with his rent had finally paid in store orders, one of these was sent in to purchase bacon. There was sent back what purported to be sixteen pounds, at 16¼ cents a pound; but the bacon actually weighed but eleven pounds, while the cash price for it at the same store was eleven cents a pound. These, of course, were the extreme stories of a manufacturer who was rightly disgusted with the methods used by some of his competitors; but everybody with whom I talked, except officials of companies making use of the system, characterized it as one of extortion where it did not descend to downright robbery. The only excuse offered was that without it many of the negro families would almost starve. No doubt this excuse was true—just as it was true as an excuse for slavery itself. Every abuse furnishes the excuse for its own continuance. But the only way to emancipate the negro from the slavery of the company store system—which nourishes the improvidence that nourishes it—is by requiring weekly wage payments, and then prohibiting the company store system altogether. The more degraded negro, when thus made free, will at times long for the fleshpots of credit at the commissary, but what he suffers from thriftlessness as well as what he gains from thrift will make for manhood and progress. The only hope of bettering the industrial position of the negro lies in the development of the self-reliant virtues which slavery repressed. This brings us to the question—the most important of all—Does freedom develop these virtues in the negro? My answer to this is an unequivocal "yes;" and the reasons for this answer will be presented in the next article, on "The Negro as a Citizen."

The Cry of the Age

By Hamlin Garland

What shall I do to be just?
  What shall I do for the gain
Of the world—for its sadness?
Teach me, O Seers that I trust!
  Chart me the difficult main
Leading out of my sorrow and madness,
  Preach me the purging of pain.

Shall I wrench from my finger the ring
  To cast to the tramp at my door?
Shall I tear off each luminous thing
  To drop in the palm of the poor?
What shall I do to be just?
  Teach me, O Ye in the light,
Whom the poor and the rich alike trust:
  My heart is aflame to be right.

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The Man with the Hoe[1]

By Edwin Markham

"God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.

BOWED by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?

[1] This poem, written by Mr. Markham after seeing Millet's famous picture, has been revised by the author for The Outlook, and is here printed with his special permission. The illustration is printed by courtesy of Braun, Clement & Co., New York.

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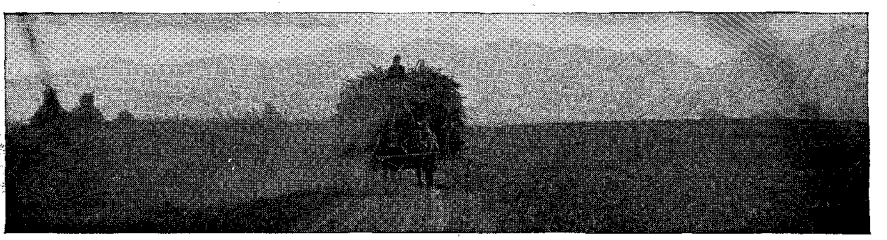
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity, betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?



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ROSA BONHEUR
From a painting by Mlle. G. Achille-Fould.

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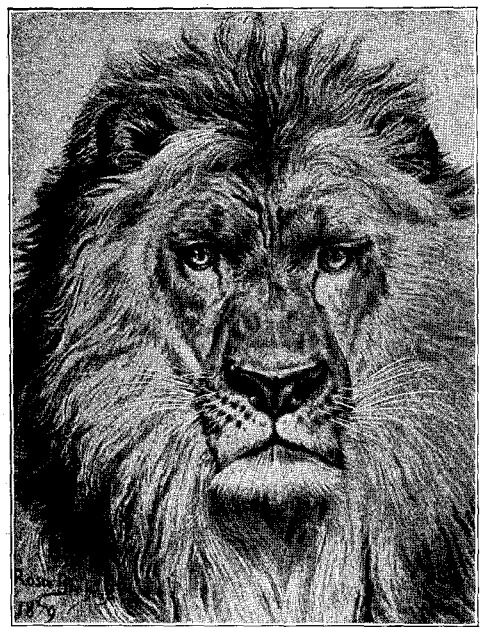
ROSA BONHEUR

By Th. Bentzon (Mme. Blanc)

Translated from the French by Bellina Phillips



On the edge of the wonderful Forest of Fontainebleau, between Thomery, universally celebrated for its white-grape culture, and Moret, so picturesquely situated on the banks of the Loing, with its old church and the two gates that once were a part of the fortifications built by Charles VII., lies the peaceful village of By. This strange name, pronounced *Bee* all over the country, should really have both the English sound and meaning. The Scotch, before the Swiss, were the special body-guards of our kings; the Captain of the Scotch Guards lived at this place, and, quite naturally, designated it—*by* Fontainebleau. Now Rosa Bonheur lives in "the Château," as it is still called; or, rather, she lives on its site, having built nearly the whole of the pretty brick and stone house separated by a square courtyard from the only street in the village.

We shall surprise her here, in a fine studio on the first floor, at work as usual, her two favorite dogs near her; still brisk and agile, in spite of her years, clad in masculine attire, which she wears with the ease of one accustomed to it from youth. When a vocation leads one to frequent horse-markets, to tramp over the rich loam of plowed fields and the litter of farm stables day after day; when one lives in the company of animals, in all kinds of weather and seasons, trousers seem far more practical than skirts. The blue serge suit that Rosa Bonheur wears in her studio is the neatest and best-fitting thing imaginable. Her slender, wiry, and admirably proportioned little body moves at ease in a very loose sack coat; her thick, silvery hair is cut just below the ears and sets an aureole of light on her fine brow. None of her recent portraits, except one by an American artist, Miss Klumpke, gives any idea of the delicacy of her physiognomy lit up by sparkling eyes that penetrate one.

When before her, I have to think of the two women who had the greatest right to wear men's clothes: George Sand and Déjazet. She has the supple and vivacious grace of the latter, and the genial expression of the former, although it is a totally different one. The novelist seemed to look within, lost in the thoughts that created so many masterpieces; her dreamy head and Juno eyes were something like the great ruminants Rosa Bonheur has so well represented. The painter, on the contrary, embraces the external world in a sharp and rapid glance that, one feels, allows nothing to escape it.

The contrast between the two women, who, in different branches, have contributed so much to the glory of their times, is inevitable for whoever has known them; and all the more because their names were so often mentioned together. It would be difficult not to speak of "La Mare au Diable" or the "Meunier d'Angibault" when recalling the reeking fields where Rosa Bonheur speeds the plow, or places her oxen lowering their patient heads under the yoke. Rosa Bonheur knows this and is proud of it; and although her laborious career has not left her much time for reading, she has always taken the keenest pleasure in the pastoral tales of her illustrious contemporary.

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Once the two were unconsciously rivals, under the Second Empire, when the Cross of Honor was given to a woman for the first time, out of the limited circle of battle-field or hospital-ward heroines, women soldiers or Sisters of Charity. No artist seemed to deserve this highest distinction more than George Sand, but, with some narrowness of view, it was decided that the tales connected with her bohemian youth ran counter to offering her this insignia directly; so it went, without any opposition on her part—far from it—to her son Maurice. When congratulated upon this honor, the latter used to say, humorously, "It's my mother's cross, you know!"

To offset this, the Empress Eugénie offered the decoration spontaneously to Rosa Bonheur, calling attention to the beauty of a whole life entirely devoted to art and family duties.

Indeed, Rosa Bonheur's career is one of those that must be respected as much as it is admired; for not only her acts and aims, but those of all her relatives, father, brothers, and sister, so tenderly united among themselves and about her, bear witness to that family life which perhaps is not comprehended anywhere else in the same way as it is in France. A prize for virtue might have been added to the "Cross of the Brave" for her, and all the Bonheur family would have deserved a share in it.

Let us look at their life as far back as the distant date of 1822, the year in which Rosa, the eldest of the four children, was born. At Bordeaux the Bonheur couple was as poor as it was happy, for theirs was a love marriage. To feed his nestlings, the father, who at first had wished to paint works of high art—as is proved in the Church of St. Saurin—renounced this and accepted inglorious tasks, his wife, too, giving lessons. Being delicate, however, she broke down. After her loss, Raymond Bonheur could not remain either in the house or the town from which she had departed forever. He left Bordeaux and went to Paris with the orphans, Rosa, the eldest, being seven years old. Commercial production became a necessity for him, yet he found time to paint portraits and landscapes which are not without merit. As his children grew older, he gave lessons in the boarding-schools they attended, to pay their term-bills.

We are told that while Rosa was still at a primary day-school in the Champs Elysées quarter she used to run away towards the Bois de Boulogne, which in 1830 was far from being what it is now. No matter; the meager copses, dusty lanes, and coarse grass were enough, as there was nothing better to be had, to delight her; she was already in love with nature, and tried her best to be its interpreter, sketching whatever she saw on the sand with a stick, while at home she always carried a bit of charcoal in her pocket and used it for drawing on every available surface. In this she resembles Giotto, who, while watching his goats near Florence, drew the animals intrusted to his care on the side of a rock, as he was doing when Cimabue came past and carried him off towards higher destinies. In Rosa's case Cimabue was represented by her excellent father, who noticed her tendencies with joy; but he would have preferred, nevertheless, that her excess of ardor had not led her to cover all the margins of her exercise-books with sketches, nor to strew about caricatures of every professor—caricatures severely confiscated by the boarding-school mistress, who made a collection of them with secret indulgence.

Reprimanded constantly, and never receiving any other awards, Rosa always carried off the first prize for drawing. When at last she came home, after a glad farewell to her school, she could follow her tastes without restraint. She drew all day long; in the evening, and until late at night, she modeled clay and wax; a double talent for sculpture and painting struggled a long time for the mastery, until her passion for color was victorious.

Almost every morning a very small, dark young girl, dressed without the slightest hint of fashion or coquetry, entered the Louvre; all through the day she remained absorbed in copying; no one ever saw her look about her or take the least interest in anything that was not her work. Her father, the only professor she ever had, let her study as she pleased. She was allowed to go beyond the limits of Paris and ask the suburbs for the inspiration which, later on, she sought in the fertile fields of Nivernais, the Pyrenees mountains, and on the Scottish heaths.

In 1841 she made her first appearance in the Salon with two pictures—"Sheep and Goats" and "Two Rabbits."

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Rosa Bonheur
4 Janvier 1899.

The next year she sent "Cows in a Pasture: Evening Effect;" in 1843 "Horses Returning from the Pond." In 1844 Mme. de Girardin, who, under the pseudonym of Vicomte de Launay, used to chronicle the week's events in Parisian "Letters" that are still praised, mentions a "Donkey" by Mlle. Rosa Bonheur.

Terra-cotta figures and plaster casts always accompanied the three or four pictures that this mere girl, with the precocious yet ripe talent, exposed every year. Whenever she speaks of her attempts in those days, Rosa Bonheur says, smiling: "I used to remember Paul Potter a little too much." Her originality, however, showed itself very soon. In 1845 a dozen fine paintings signed by her suf-

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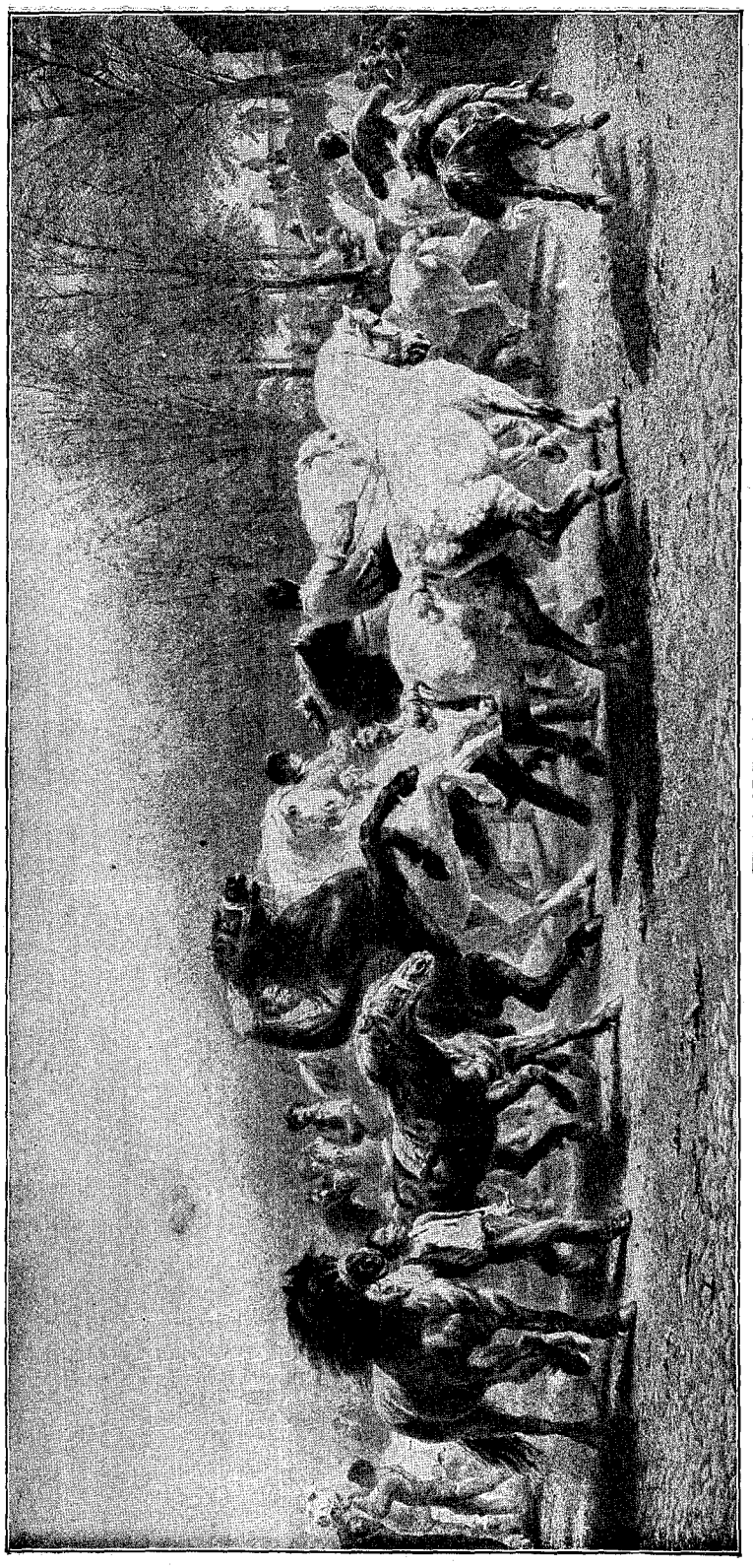

THE HORSE FAIR

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ficed to bring her honest, sincere, and noble qualities to the fore, and here the close study of reality did not exclude a robust kind of poetry. She never passed through years of groping and obscurity, but was remarked at once, and received a first-class medal as early as 1848. Horace Vernet, the President of the Jury of Awards, proclaimed her success and presented her with a valuable Sèvres vase in the name of the Government. That same year her admirable "Cantal Oxen" was bought at a very high price for England.

All this made Rosa Bonheur happy, especially for her father's sake, and he, now freed from his cares, rejuvenated and delighted, had begun to paint again on his own account. As he had taught all his children well, the name of Bonheur, during many years, was repeated four or five times in succession on the Salon catalogue; but Rosa was always the star of the first magnitude in the midst of the Pleiad. It is touching to hear her regret that her brother Auguste never received his share of the renown due him, and she exalts his merits —she, so absolutely free from all vanity as regards herself.

In 1849 her "Plowing in Nivernais," now in the Luxembourg Gallery, together with another superb example, "Haymaking in Auvergne," created a real sensation. In 1853 the celebrated "Horse Fair," now the property of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, marked the climax of her genius, so full of virile power. The studies for this work took eighteen months, during which time she went to the horse-market regularly twice a week. Scrupulous fidelity to nature does not, however, shut out imagination in her case. To make sure of this, one need only look at the collection of engravings reproducing her numerous works spread all over the world, or the scenes, so full of spirit and movement, she has named "Béarnais Shepherd," where the sheep are crowded against the streaming rock sheltering their guardian during a thunder-storm; "The Boat" in Scotland, showing a herd of oxen swimming across a stream, while held in by the boatmen; "Aragonese Burriqueros" driving their beasts through a Pyrenean pass; "The Razzia," "The Hustling Herd," "Fighting Stallions," and the admirable "Sheepfold" bathed in a flood of moonlight that throws bright touches upon the fleece of the animals closely pressed against each other. It is evident that the impressions she receives are photographed upon her memory, as was the case with George Sand, who never needed notes.

Notwithstanding the beauty of her finished paintings, what we should most covet in her very complete work would, perhaps, be her original sketches. She has never consented to give up a single one of these, in spite of the most tempting offers, keeping them as material for further work, and they now permit her to paint with all the qualities and freshness of youth, to which are added the fruits of experience.

It is easy to see the advantage of living in a village like By, for an artist such as Rosa Bonheur. The forest offers her the thickets from which her deer and roebucks step out; the plain is the stage for her plowing scenes; while running streams and vast horizons surround her. At the opening of her career she was not so happily situated. At first she lived on a sixth floor in the Rue Rumford, where she had found a way to make a sheep climb up to her rooms, but without any other possibility of becoming acquainted with oxen than by heroically going to study them at the slaughter-house, in the midst of carnage. Next she occupied a sort of cottage in the Rue d'Assas, about which an anecdote is current whose authenticity we cannot guarantee. When she moved there, and just as her goods and chattels were being carried in, she returned, in muddy boots, from a day's painting in the country; the movers, misled by her accouterments, took her for a boy of their own class, and asked her, roughly enough, to help them instead of standing there idly looking on; which she did, with a good grace, putting up with all their bad jokes on the weakness of her muscles. Later on, having resumed her feminine garments, which she calls her "natural clothes," and always wears in company and in town, she came back among the workmen and gave them a generous fee.

Her kindness and charity are well known, and she did not wait for a fortune before she gave more than her superfluity when she could help a brother artist poorer than herself. Her only personal money needs were for journeys which rarely took her out of France, and never further than

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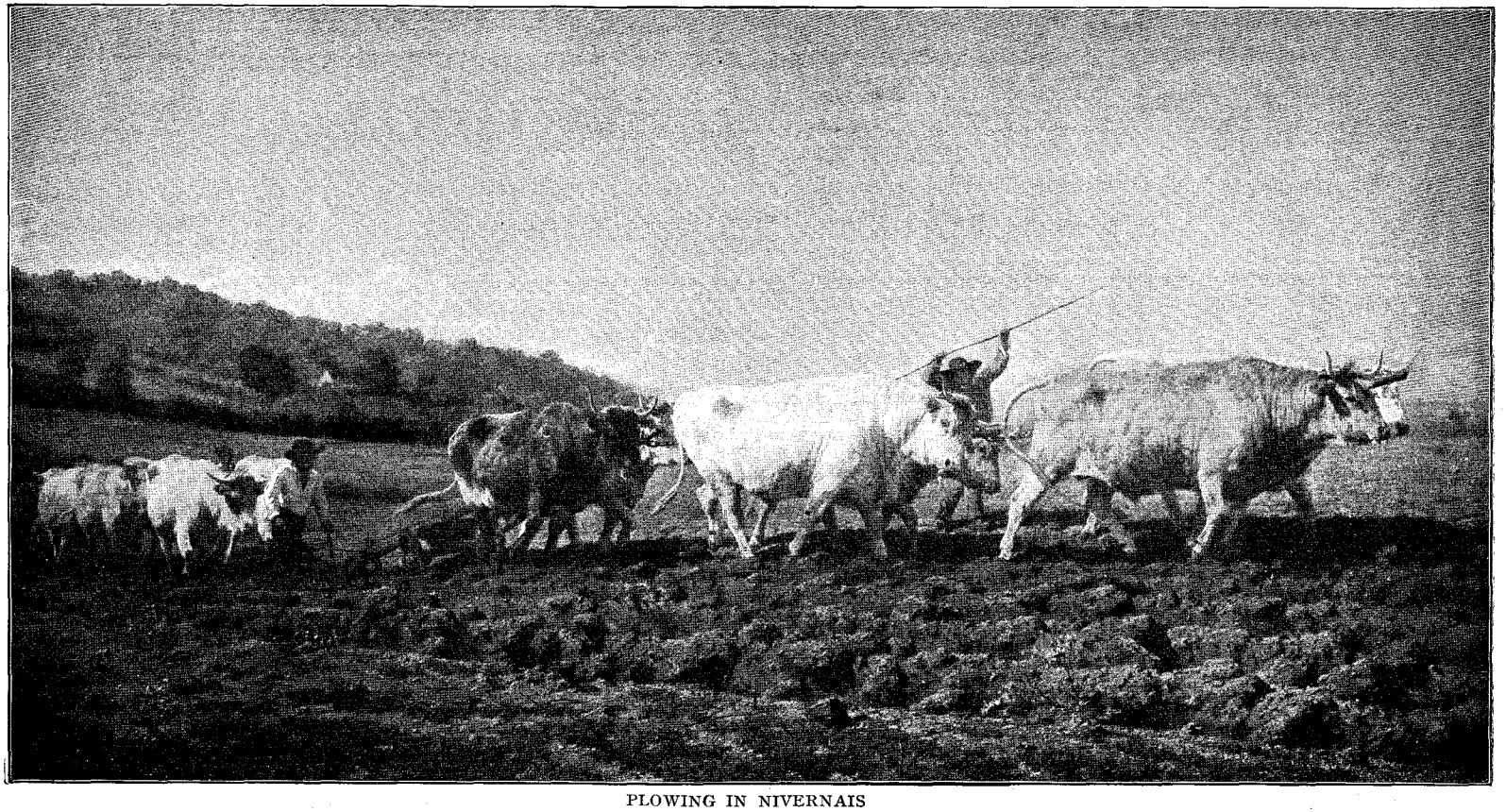

PLOWING IN NIVERNAIS

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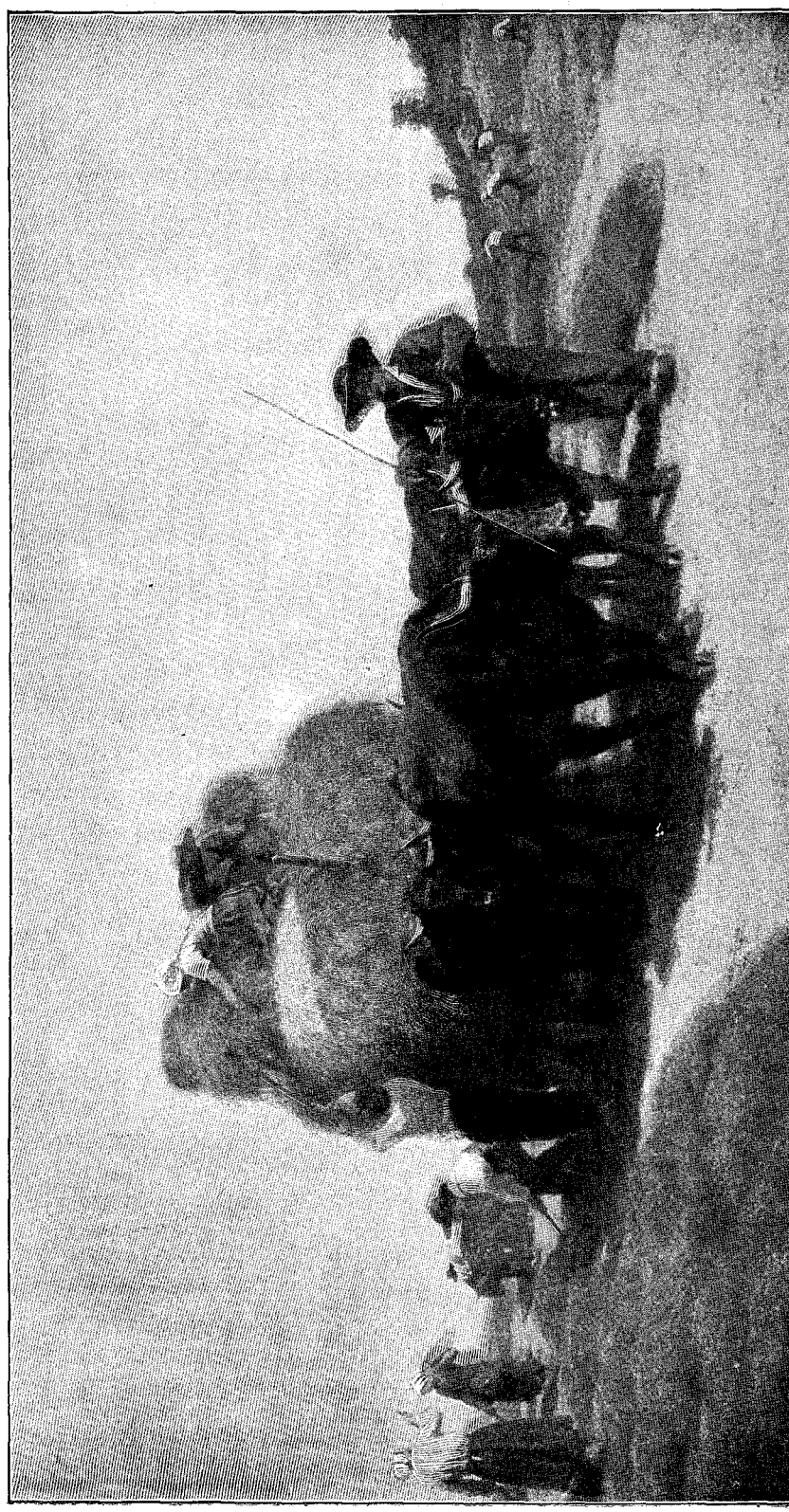

THE HAY-FIELD

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Great Britain, where she was received in the most flattering manner, and where a number of her best paintings have been gathered. Her relatives' presence in Paris quickly brought her back there. Up to his death in 1849, her father was at the head of the establishment known, later on, as the Imperial Drawing-School, of which Rosa Bonheur was, in turn, made the titular directress, taking her sister Juliette —Mme. Peyrol—as her assistant. The pupils remember the excellence of her instruction, the friendly abruptness of her advice; nor are they likely to forget her decisive way of sending all the girls who did not possess the sacred fire back to their household duties, or her severity towards the mannish behavior of those who tried to imitate her by voluntary oddities in their dress; for she had a horror of all affectation. She was very exacting with others, because she did not know what it was to spare herself. Up at dawn, she worked without intermission, even on the days when she granted herself the pleasure of receiving her friends.

ROSA BONHEUR
From a portrait taken about 1860.

Ever since the Universal Exposition of 1867, when she received the Medal, Rosa Bonheur has sent less and less to the Salon. The vogue of newcomers, such as Troyon, has perhaps turned aside a portion of the inconstant Parisian public from her; but England still considers Rosa Bonheur the rival of Landseer as an animal-painter, and America enthusiastically grants her a place in the foremost rank. It can be said that, besides some of her greatest successes, she owes America one of the last consolations of her life. Grown old in years, if not in mind and appearance, she was living in isolated sadness, for all her relatives were either dead, dispersed, or needed in the homes they had themselves founded. The successive loss of two very dear friends, Mme. and Mlle. Micas, who had always taken care of her house, and watched so that she should not tire herself beyond measure—this loss, which was one of the deepest griefs of her life, had left her forlorn and quite discouraged. A lucky chance finally brought Miss Klumpke to her, and they now furnish an example of one of those rare friendships, such as can exist between two women of very different ages, having a protective form on one side and a respectfully devoted one on the other. The fact of being Miss Klumpke's native country is not the least of America's merits in Rosa Bonheur's eyes. A perfect conformity of tastes contributes to this close companionship, and through it the great artist has regained her courage and confidence. She makes plans, is building a much larger studio, speaks of journeys to the South in the neighborhood of Nice, where, in bygone days, aided by a gift of divination peculiar to herself, the site furnished her the African landscapes where she placed her families of lions.

In these times of somber pessimism, she retains her faith in the future of her country, her faith in God, in the unlimited power of good will and all effort towards the good, and, besides, faith in herself, and proves it by having begun the sketch of an immense composition that cannot be finished conveniently until she is in the

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new studio. This is to be the "Dépiquage du Blé." A number of fiery horses led by one man are trampling wheat, and forcing the grain out of the ear. As this piles itself up, all the lower part of the picture grows full of a translucent dust-cloud; and the artist is enjoying, by anticipation, the sunbeams that will play through it.

The very short winter days prevent her working on this great canvas for the present, so she has turned from farm horses to finish a divine one, a "Pegasus," ready to spread his white wings and soar far above the flower-dappled meadow. And to further convince herself that, while she retains her power, she is not, for that, devoid of grace and fancy, she goes on casting Phœbe's silvery quadriga or Apollo's blazing chariot on fans, with the same tiny, delicate hand that, nevertheless, has victoriously accomplished so much formidable labor.

In the meantime she tells us, with juvenile gayety, how she brought up her orphan dog, Daisy, on the bottle. Seeing Rosa Bonheur and talking with her, the thought comes that perhaps there is nothing more beautiful than winter, when, by miracle, a genial and luminous spring lies under its snows.

The Brook's Song to Spring

By Florence Earle Coates

O beauty—vision of forgotten gladness!
Promise of all the years, that ne'er betrays!
O miracle of hope and balm of sadness!
Creative ecstasy and fount of praise!

. . . . . .

I lay upon the ground and gave no token,
I hid my face midst sodden leaves and sere,
My languid pulses chill, my spirit broken,—
I dreamed not, O divine one! you were near.

The snows and frosts of winter, long departed,
Seemed leaden on my breast and weighed me down,
And I forgot, forlorn and heavy-hearted,
Your goodness, goddess of the violet crown!

Then, soft as music in remembrance sighing,
You fanned me with your wooing breath, and I,
Who shed no tears when lone I lay and dying,
Wept at your touch, and knew I should not die!

. . . . . .

Along my banks are tender blossoms blowing;
They gently nod their heads, and smile at me,—
But, ah! I hasten to the river, knowing
The river will lead onward to the sea!

High over me the budding branches quiver
With songs that swell in happy harmony,
But sweeter seems the murmur of the river,—
The river that leads onward to the sea!

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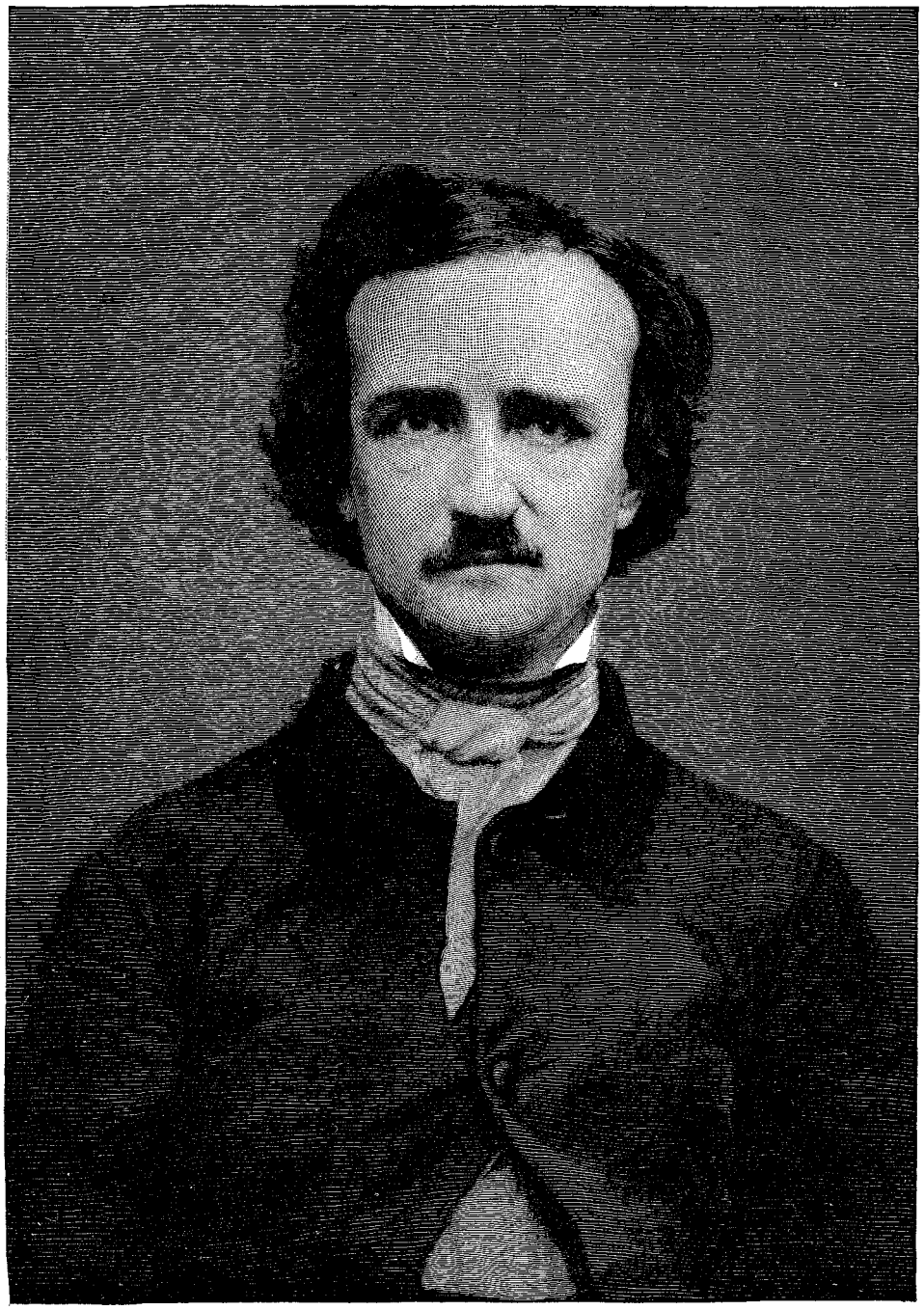

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Engraved by Thomas Cole. Courtesy of the Century Company, New York.

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Edgar Allan Poe

By Hamilton W. Mabie

POE'S character is the most complex which has yet appeared among American writers, and his genius is the most elusive and individual. He fills a very considerable place in our literary development, and yet, in important aspects of his career, he seems to have been entirely detached from it. His genius is no longer questioned, nor is his influence; and yet his impress on the spiritual life of the country is hardly perceptible. Concerning no other American man of letters has there been such a consensus of critical opinion abroad; concerning no other native poet, save Whitman, have there been such radical differences of opinion at home. He holds a secure place among American writers, but he is in no sense a representative writer; his character and career were deeply affected by the conditions of the time in which he lived; but one looks in vain for any vital expression of the life of his time in his prose or verse. In his criticism, it is true, there are the reflection and imprint of the literary conditions amid which he lived; but his criticism, although temporarily significant and important, was the product of his analytical skill and insight, not of his genius. He is, within narrow limits, as true an artist as Hawthorne, and at times the master of a spell which Hawthorne did not command; and yet he has left a larger legacy of second-class work behind him than any other American writer of his class.

He came early under Southern influence, he always regarded himself as a Southerner, and he has been long accepted as the foremost representative of the South in our literature; but it would not be easy to discover the marks of the Southern spirit or the Southern tradition in his work. His temperament had much in common, it is true, with the Southern temperament, but no man was more free from that intense localism of feeling which is characteristic of the South.

As a critic his point of view was that of an American slightly in advance of his time; as a creative artist he has no country. A singular detachment is characteristic of his work at the very time when great passions were steadily rising and important historical movements taking shape. While Lowell, Emerson, and Whittier were profoundly influenced by the spiritual conditions about them, Poe took his solitary way as remote from the inspiration of the period as he was from its disturbing influence. The contradictions in his character and life were even more radical than those in his genius and art; and neither the writer nor the man is comprehensible without careful, open-minded, and sympathetic study of his conditions and career. These contradictions began with his birth; for although he was to be the most widely known of Southern writers, he was born in Boston. He was always a man of solitary temper; he never struck roots into any soil; and it seems significant, therefore, that, although born in the capital city of New England, neither he nor his parents can be said to have lived there.

His grandfather, David Poe, a man of Irish blood, was an ardent patriot during the Revolutionary period, and left a reputation in Baltimore as a vigorous and resolute person, whose will commanded his temperament. Poe's father began as a student of law, and ended by going on the stage. His mother, Elizabeth Arnold, the daughter of an English actress, who forsook the region of Covent Garden for the precarious life of a player in the New World, was a woman of delicate figure, the possessor of a sweet voice of small range, and of a charm of manner which won friends if not popular success. The two young actors were married in the South, appeared in Richmond, Philadelphia, and New York, and reached Boston in the fall of 1806. Here they spent the three succeeding years, and here, on January 19, 1809, the second son was born and named Edgar. Two years later the family, sharing the vicissitudes of players of mediocre talent in a country in which the position of the stage was still uncertain, were in Richmond in extreme destitution. The pathetic appeal, published in a local newspaper, in which "Mrs. Poe, lingering on the bed of disease and

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surrounded by her children, asks your assistance, and asks it perhaps for the last time," was not made in vain; but not even Southern generosity could prolong the life of a fragile and overburdened woman, and Mrs. Poe died a few days later. Of Mr. Poe nothing is known subsequent to the death of his wife. The three children were scattered; Edgar being fortunate enough to awaken the interest of Mrs. John Allan, the young wife of a well-to-do business man in Richmond.

The conditions of the boy's life were changed as by magic; he became a member of a family living in easy and comfortable ways; he was tenderly cared for and greatly admired. The fascination of his personality was already making itself felt, and his mobile and sensitive face, his luminous eyes, and his talent for declamation brought a foretaste of that applause of which he was avid by nature. Mr. Allan had not only the Scotch thrift, but the Scotch regard for education; and the child of his adoption, now become Edgar Allan Poe, had the best opportunities of his time. He went to school in Richmond for several years; a fastidiously dressed child, fond of his pony and his dogs, and easily attracting the attention and awakening the interest of many people outside his own home, in which he had all the honors of an only child. In 1815 Mr. Allan took his family to England, and Edgar entered the Manor House School, on the outskirts of London.

In this secluded English village, with its long, shaded street, the boy spent five of the most impressionable years of his life, and the surroundings and experiences of this period left an ineffaceable impress upon his imagination. The school was lodged in an old, spacious, irregular structure; the school-room was low, ceiled with oak, and lighted by Gothic windows; its desks bore the marks of generations of jackknives; the playground was wide and open to the sun; a high brick wall, with great gates studded with spikes of a size to daunt the most venturesome boy, inclosed the grounds; and beyond lay the sweet English landscape of green lanes, softly rolling fields, great trees with the memories of forgotten centuries still murmuring in their branches; and behind the visible landscape was that other landscape which is always unfolding itself to the imagination in that ripe old world. The neighborhood was rich in the most romantic history. The names of its walks recalled Henry and Elizabeth; Anne Boleyn and the Earl of Leicester had lived there; Essex had found his home there; and there, too, was one of the original homes of English literature, for there De Foe had written the earliest story of adventure and the earliest piece of perfectly developed fiction in the language.

The English landscape with which he became familiar never faded, and reappeared, especially in its architectural features, again and again in his stories. The mellow atmosphere, the gnarled and mossy trees, the half-ruined house, the rich verdure of meadow and lane, were easily touched with an overripe and melancholy beauty, akin to the loneliness of desolate spirits and solitary experiences, by the active imagination of a later period.

The Allans returned to Richmond in 1820, and Edgar became the pupil of a solemn and pedantic Irishman, read the classics, made Latin verses, and gained greater ease in French. He had already begun to write verses, but his schoolfellows knew him as a brilliant student, irregular and desultory in his work, but doing with ease whatever he undertook; lacking in accuracy and thoroughness, but quick and versatile; fond of reading; satirical in temper; slight in figure, but well made, sinewy, active, and graceful; a daring swimmer; scrupulously neat in dress and noticeably courteous in manner. He had winning qualities, but he was not popular with his fellows. The fact that he was the child of strolling players was not forgotten by them nor by himself; through all the luxury which surrounded him, it remained a painful reminder of other and less fortunate conditions. He was proud, solitary, and the slight chill of disapproval in the air about him evoked a defiant spirit. One who was on terms approaching intimacy with him described him as "self-willed, capricious, inclined to be imperious, and, though of generous impulses, not steadily kind or even amiable." There was something in his nature, then and later, which held him back from complete confidence in men; he had warm friends among men, and at least two women were devoted to him; but the frank and generous free-

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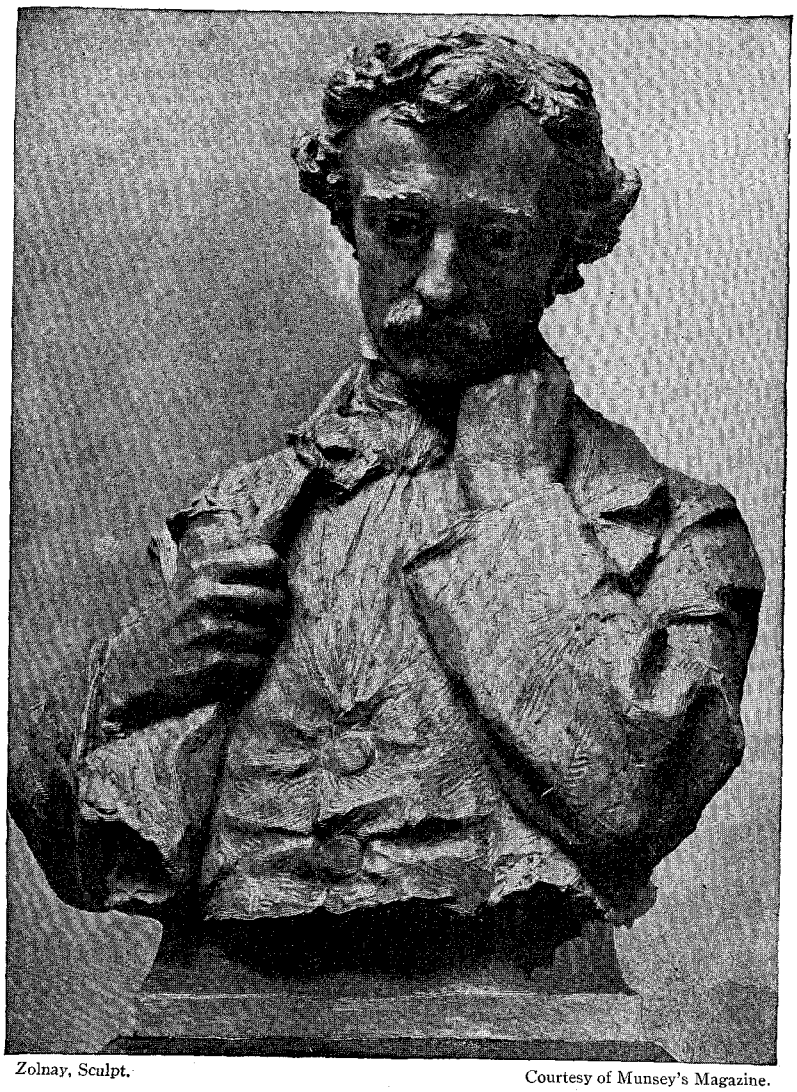

Zolnay, Sculpt. Courtesy of Munsey's Magazine.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

This bust of Edgar Allan Poe by Mr. George Julian Zolnay has lately been placed in the Library of the University of Virginia.

dom, the wholesome interchange of confidence between man and man, he seems never to have known. There was a touch of unreality in his life, as there was, later, in his art; he was not only a dreamer, as some of the sanest men have been, but he never quite clearly discovered and accepted the distance between the actual and the imaginary. One never feels entirely at home with him; not because such unusual tracts of experience are open to him, but because there is an elusive element in him—a lack of large, deep, rich humanity beneath his talent. This element of unreality made solid friendship quite impossible; and it limited his art in certain respects quite as distinctly as it limited his character.

While he was in this critical stage of adolescence, Poe lost a friend who might have been a steadying influence in the perilous years before him; a lovely, gen erous, and gracious woman, whose first sympathetic words to him thrilled his heart and evoked a passionate devotion. Mrs. Stanard was the mother of one of his

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mates, and had, therefore, ready access to his confidence; she became his confidante, and he lavished upon her the affection which he would have given his mother. But within a few months she died, and the boy, who had found warmth and light in her comprehending affection, was almost prostrated by grief. He haunted her grave, and, in the passionate melancholy which possessed him, became aware of the tragic resources of a temperament singularly accessible to misfortune and singularly sensitive to the mystery of grief and despair—a temperament which seemed to assimilate the latent sadness of life, and to respond to the experiences of the outcast and despairing souls in a speech, both in prose and verse, which magically gave back their most elusive tones.

In 1825 Poe entered the University of Virginia, which in that year opened its doors to students and began its influential career; an institution then, and still, in many respects, unique in the academic world. He was in his seventeenth year, compactly built, somewhat short in stature, his face touched with sadness, but readily becoming animated. He entered the schools of ancient and modern languages, studied Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, and Italian, after a desultory fashion; played cards for stakes, and showed that taste for strong drink which later made his career a tragedy. At this period gambling rather than excessive drinking was his undoing. Becoming involved in debt, he had to invoke the aid of Mr. Allan, who paid his debts in Charlottesville, but refused to make good his losses at play, amounting to the very respectable sum of twenty-five hundred dollars. Poe remained at the University until the close of the session, and returned home with honors in Latin and French to find that his future was to be in Mr. Allan's counting-room. His irregularities had cost him his educational opportunities.

He took his place in Mr. Allan's counting-room only to disappear and begin the unsettled, roving career which never again found permanent lodgment or shelter. He next appears in Boston, where he made his first venture in the field to which his tastes and his genius were steadily and with increasing insistence drawing him. "Tamerlane and Other Poems" was the venture of an amateur publisher, but it had some success. It revealed the sensibility of a poetic nature rather than poetic power; it was full of traces of imitation, and its chief interest lies in the light which it throws on Poe's mind and growth. Byron was in the full tide of his immense influence upon young men of imaginative temper, and Poe did not escape a fever which was not only highly contagious, but, in the case of all weak victims, fatal to original and natural development. Byron's colossal pride found a quick soil in Poe's nature, and confirmed his tendency to idealize pride as a heroic quality.

But a slender volume of verse was a very fragile reed to lean upon, and, by way of cutting the Gordian knot with a sword, in 1827 Poe enlisted in the United States army as a private soldier, under the name of Edgar A. Perry. After a service of two years, in which he appears to have done his work with entire fidelity and noticeable efficiency, he was discharged, largely through the kindly offices of Mr. Allan, with whom he had effected a reconciliation. About this time he wrote: "I am young—not yet twenty; am a poet—if deep worship of all beauty can make me one—and wish to be so in the common meaning of the word. I would give the world to embody one-half the ideas afloat in my imagination;" and, by way of justifying these statements, "Al Aaraaf," "Tamerlane," and "Minor Poems" were published in Baltimore in 1829. The habit of slightly or radically revising a piece of work which had already appeared, and sending it out in a new form, dates from his second volume, and grew upon him as time went on. "Al Aaraaf" was an obscure allegory, with a brief narrative passage and an abrupt ending; "Tamerlane" showed signs of careful revision, but gained, rather than lost, in imitative quality. In "Fairyland" alone among his earliest poems is there a clear and convincing glimpse of Poe's genius.

In the following year Poe is found at West Point; Mr. Allan had married a second time, and had, in his judgment, finally disposed of his difficult ward by securing for him an appointment to the Military Academy. He is described at this period as shy and reserved, associating mainly with cadets from Virginia, a ready French scholar, apt at mathematics, an omnivorous reader of books; but neglectful, and even

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contemptuous, of military duties. He paid no regard to the routine of roll-call, drill, and guard duty was often under arrest, and at the end of six months' service was dismissed by court martial, on the charge of absenting himself from various military and academic duties, and of disobeying on two occasions the orders of the officer of the day. In March, 1831, Poe was again free to seek his fortune, and he was again penniless. He had arranged, meantime, for the publication of a new edition of his works, and the volume entitled "Poems" appeared, this time in New York. It was a new edition in name only. From the previously published volume six poems were omitted, several were greatly changed, and six additional pieces were included. With the appearance of these new pieces all doubt about Poe's genius was finally dispelled; for these additional poems were "Lenore," "The Valley of Unrest," "The City in the Sea," "To Helen," and "Israfel." These poems were to attain perfection by many later touches, but both in conception and in form they disclose all that was original and distinctive in Poe's mind and art. He was already traversing those remote and mysterious worlds, lighted by low moons, haunted by strange tragic figures, with backgrounds of marvelously drawn landscape, somber, weird, and solitary, with which he was to familiarize his readers both in prose and verse; while his art shows perfect sympathy and understanding between his thought and his skill. He had the magic of style; he was a master of sound if not of language, and more perfectly than any other American poet he knows how to beguile the ear by a melody which is at once simple and mysterious which captivates the instant it is heard, and yet eludes all attempts at successful imitation. There is something hypnotic in the spell of his verse, which gives one an uneasy sense that he is yielding to a charm addressed to his senses rather than to his imagination. In "The Raven" and "The Bells" this hypnotic quality is at its highest, and the higher poetic quality at its lowest; the outer courts of the soul are swept with sound, but the inner court remains silent.

This question about the reality of his art and its entire sincerity has undoubtedly stood in the way, not of its wider, but of its higher appreciation in this country. But this suspicion of the predominance of a purely sensuous over genuine poetic quality, which finds confirmation in "The Raven" and "The Bells," has no place in the consideration of such perfection of sense and sound as the lines "To Helen," "The City in the Sea," and "Israfel." The first of these pieces is so slight in thought that its charm will hardly bear analysis; the second is a piece of description which shows Poe's power of this kind at its best; the third is not only the most tender and beautiful expression of Poe's genius, but in the region of pure song it is one of the finalities in American poetry. In imaginative conception and in form it may even be said to be one of the finalities of modern art. It has the ease, the floating quality, the natural magic, of those rare lyrics which are equally at home in the memory and the heart of the race.

Meantime the poet was barely recognized, was without means of support, had exhausted the patience of Mr. Allan, wasted several opportunities, and was now to face the world at his own charges. He made his next experiment in the art of living in Baltimore, where he had friends, and where there were a number of littérateurs of local importance, and a weekly literary journal. This journal, the "Saturday Visitor," offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the best prose story; and the prize was awarded to "A MS. Found in a Bottle," and the story was published in the autumn of 1833. Poe's fortunes were at so low an ebb that he was declining invitations because he could not dress presentably, and the stimulus of success in a practical form was of immense value to him. He was living with his father's widowed sister, Mrs. Clemm, whose daughter, Virginia, was then eleven years old. The poet had now fairly launched himself on the uncertain tide of literary fortune, had clearly shown his individual quality both in prose and verse, and there was but one more event needed to commit him entirely to his profession, and that event came in 1834, when Mr. Allan died and left him without an inheritance. He was writing stories and criticisms, and he was drinking too often and too freely. His sensitive nervous system, his irregular life, the privation and strain

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of constant change and uncertainty, his fitful and melancholy temperament, and the intensity of his imagination, made him an easy prey to intemperance, and an easily shattered victim. Nothing could have saved him except a strong will; and, unluckily, he belonged to the class whose temperaments command their will. At this time, however, his excesses were infrequent, and there is no doubt of the sincerity of his effort to free himself from a weakness to the perils of which he seems never to have been blind.

The attachment between Poe and his cousin Virginia ripened into love, and became the deepest and noblest passion of his life. The sensitive girl was barely thirteen, but in September, 1835, the marriage took place. Poe had removed to Richmond, was editing the Southern "Literary Messenger," and was writing poems, stories, and reviews with evident ease and delight. In one of these stories Poe brings on the stage the figure in whose temperament and fate he was most deeply interested, and who, under various names, was to reappear again and again in his later tales.

Egæus in "Berenice" belongs to the race of visionaries whose sphere of interest and experience touches the realities of life only at rare intervals, and then solely for the sake of heightening the sense of its difference and remoteness. Gloomy towers, gray hereditary halls, a solitary and desolate landscape, subtly suggest to the senses the tragedy of disordered fancy, morbid temperament, diseased will, and abnormal fate which is to be worked out in a series of impressions designed to envelop the reader in an atmosphere of melancholy forebodings. The moment one breathes the air of Poe's tales an oppressive sense of something ominous and sinister is felt. For Poe had the art which Maeterlinck has so successfully practiced, of securing possession of the reader's mind by assailing his senses one after the other with the same set of sensations. Poe's tales, like Maeterlinck's plays, are marvelously constructed to shut the reader in by excluding all other objects and impressions until his imagination is entirely at the mercy of the story-teller.

Egæus has no human warmth or passion; although, like most of Poe's heroes, he is consumed with the desire of possession Berenice is a veritable phantasm, and never for a moment deceives us by the semblance of reality; her fate is repulsive, for Poe's artistic feeling often failed to keep him in the realm of pure suggestion in dealing with the horrible. In the most perfect of the prose tales, "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Ligeia," "Eleonora," and "The Masque of the Red Death," the full force of Poe's marvelous accuracy and *vraisemblance* of detail is felt by the imagination; but it must be added that the failure to completely possess the mind of the reader is due to no limitation in Poe's art; it is due to the limitation of his material. He went as far on the road to complete illusion as his subject matter permitted; but his subject matter was so largely made up of the morbid, the abnormal, the phantasmal, that it can never seem other than it was in its substance. In these tales, so full of powerful effects and charms wrought out of the potencies of sin, disease, solitary desolation, abnormal play of the senses, Poe's artistic quality is supreme; in them, as in half a dozen poems, he is one of the modern masters of technique; and their limitations as works of art must be sought not in the skill but in the soul of the workman. That limitation is found in the fact that Poe deals with experience of a very narrow and limited kind; with emotions, passions, and tendencies which are exceptional and abnormal; with landscapes and localities which are essentially phantasmal and unreal, not in the sense of being purely imaginary, but of lying outside the range of imagination creating along lines of normal activity.

In the exact degree in which a writer deals with life in the most inclusive forms of experience does he reveal breadth of view, sanity of insight, and constructive power. These are the characteristics of writers of the first and second rank: of Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, and of Cervantes, Molière, Schiller, and Tennyson. And because of this breadth of view and of sympathetic insight, these writers are one and all representative or interpretative artists; they make their art the medium of the disclosure and expression of race experience on a large scale. In this representative quality Poe is almost utterly lacking; he was detached in imagination from the world about him. His

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tales and poems bear the trace of no fatherland; they have no racial marks upon them. And this lack of representative quality carries with it a certain limitation of insight, of interest, and of artistic power which excludes Poe from the company of the greater poets. He has neither the depth of emotion nor the solidity of thought which the great artists share. There is a touch of unreality about his passion as well as about his material; he is never quite convincing, even in the expression of the deepest feeling.

It is as a poet and story-teller of purely individual quality that Poe must be regarded; and in the class of those who stand apart and speak for themselves only, he holds a very sure place. His stories place him with Hoffman, his verse associates him with Leopardi and Baudelaire. He has more genius than Hoffman; his melancholy has not the tinge of bitterness which made Leopardi one of the forerunners of modern literary pessimism. He belongs with these writers, not because his work resembles theirs, but because, like them, he was a man of detached and solitary genius; with an individuality of talent so distinct that it is impossible to classify him; indeed, in his case, comparison with other poets and story-writers is of value chiefly as bringing into higher relief his unique individuality of imagination, temperament, material, and method.

A FRENCH PORTRAIT OF POE

This portrait of Poe is from a rare French etching now in the possession of Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer, by whose permission it is here reproduced.

It requires an entire rearrangement of the present impression of Poe to think of him chiefly, not as a poet and story-writer, but as a critic. It was as a critic, however, that he was most highly regarded although not most widely known by his contemporaries. And it was in the columns of the "Southern Literary Messenger" that his critical gift first disclosed itself. In December, 1835, Poe fastened upon a recent and widely exploited novel of a very inferior quality, "Norman Leslie," as an example of the provincial taste which prevailed in the country and hindered the growth of a genuine literature by the failure to discriminate between the good and the bad in literary art. There was a small body of admirable writers in the country, but there was no authoritative and searching criticism. Local feelings were stronger, in many cases, than the critical instinct. The "New Englander" and the "Knickerbocker," the two periodicals which had some claims upon cultivated opinion, were not free from local prejudices, even when they rose above personal predilections. Poe exposed the pretentious crudity of "Norman Leslie" with a frankness which was evidently not distasteful to himself,

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and with such force and intelligence that he secured instant attention and wide recognition as a critic of ideas and convictions. During the remaining sixteen years of his life Poe supported himself chiefly by editorial and journalistic work; he had inventiveness and skill in adapting to public taste the various publications with which he was connected; but he was by interest and qualification a critic of contemporary English and American literature. He lacked the spiritual insight which has made the great critics not only the custodians of the literary tradition, but the interpreters of literary art; he had neither the breadth of view of Goethe, the grasp of philosophical principles of Coleridge (of whom he was, in a sense, a pupil), nor the clear intelligence of Arnold. He was, however, a thinker with a marked aptitude for analysis, and a lover of general principles, often abstract and somewhat artificial in application, but essentially sound; he had a very keen sense of form; his knowledge was extensive, although not always accurate; and he was not averse to controversy. He was out of sympathy with the vigorous literary movement which was fast taking on large proportions in Boston; and although he spent a good deal of time in New York, the superficiality of the later Knickerbocker school was always distasteful to him.

The time was ripe for frank and disinterested criticism, and Poe not only recognized the opportunity but regarded himself as having definite reformatory work to do. He was a born lover of beauty, and of art for its own sake, without reference to anything beyond or beneath the immediate impression produced; and he was, therefore, well adapted to the task of judging a generation whose limited intelligence and uncertain taste in matters of workmanship made it the dupe or the victim of the cheap, the meretricious and pretentious in contemporary writing. His collected reviews and critical articles fill three volumes in the edition of his works edited with such scholarly thoroughness and literary judgment by Mr. Stedman and Professor Woodberry, and these selections present only a part of his work in this field; for Poe was a voluminous writer, in spite of the vicissitudes of his career. Much of his critical writing was of slight value; none of it is likely to survive by reason of its intrinsic interest; for Poe was creative and masterful only when his imagination was in play. But his critical work absorbed a large part of his time, it attracted wide attention among his contemporaries, and it filled an important place in the literary development of the country.

Poe was now twenty-seven, and his wife not yet fourteen. "The Messenger" was making rapid gains in influence and circulation; the Southern press was singing the praises of the young poet and critic, and the cooler judgment of the North recognized his genius; there seemed to be solid foundation for future growth and work; but at the end of eighteen months the successful young editor had resigned his position on the "Messenger" and was trying to gain a foothold in New York. Although an indefatigable worker, with a keen sense of the business aspects of editorial work and a skillful advertiser of his own successes, Poe was of a temperament which became restive under recurring duties and the necessity of observing times and seasons; there were, moreover, occasional excesses which mercilessly drained his vitality. In many respects Poe was better placed at Richmond, in charge of the leading literary journal of the South, among people who were warmly attached to him, in a section which recognized his leadership and gave him unstinted admiration, than at any other time in his troubled and wandering life. His genius placed him on an easy equality with the rising group of New England writers; he was bred under other conditions and was the exponent of a different conception of the literary art; to the didactic tendency of New England he opposed the love of beauty for its own sake; and he had uncommon skill as a controversialist. He was in a position to organize the literary forces outside of New England and to co-operate in an expression of the spiritual life of the country which would have been measurably inclusive. Unfortunately, he was the victim of his temperament, and, like all men of his class, was unable to give his work organic direction and completeness. His influence was to be very great, but it was to lie in other directions; the quality of leadership was denied him.

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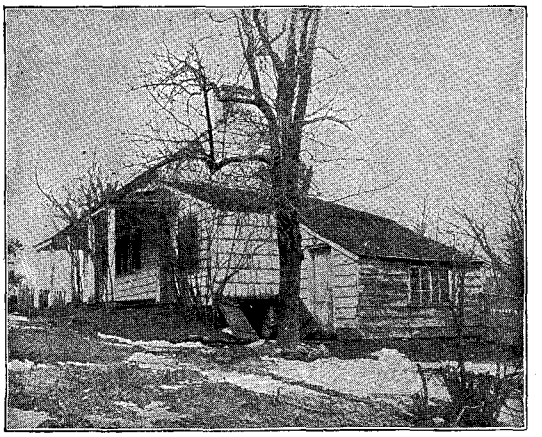
Poe reached New York when the financial panic of 1837 was at its height; established literary enterprises were in distress, and new ventures were abandoned. "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym" appeared in the summer of 1838, but brought neither reputation nor material returns. It contains passages which nobody but Poe could have written; it also contains passages which no one but Poe would have permitted himself to write—passages so revolting in detail and so nauseating that they violate the most rudimentary artistic instinct. The little family was living meantime by the aid of Mrs. Clemm's tireless and measureless devotion to her daughter and her daughter's husband. Among all women who have given their lives to art through vicarious sacrifice, Mrs. Clemm holds a foremost place. Her faith matched her patience, and her patience attained a kind of epical dignity in her uncomplaining and beautiful ministry. Poe had the refuge of his dreams, his fame, and the joy which is never denied the man of creative mind, however hard his conditions; Mrs. Clemm fought the sordid and inglorious fight with poverty day by day and gave no sign.



THE POE COTTAGE AT FORDHAM
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In the autumn of the same year the poet was trying to find work in Philadelphia. To this period belong two of his most characteristic pieces: the impressive and nobly imaginative prose sketch "Silence," and the poem which afterwards found its true setting in "The Fall of the House of Usher." "The Haunted Palace" has all the mystery and magic of the poet's genius at its best; but there lies at its heart a lesson so tragic that it must be a conclusive answer to those who hold that Poe's gift was wholly detached from moral insight. In 1839 two volumes of stories and sketches appeared, made up largely of reprints. The sale was small, although the books contained some of the most original work in modern literature. In "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "Ligeia" Poe touched the high-water mark of creative and artistic skill; in sheer force of imagination fashioning a form which is at the same time sharp in outline and yet shading off everywhere into mystery, these masterpieces hold a place by themselves. In both these pieces a torch is held aloft in the gloom, and serves both to throw certain forms and figures into bold relief and to intensify the blackness of the darkness in which they are finally engulfed. Poe is seen here dealing with abnormal characters and incidents under conditions which seem to interpret and to vizualize strange and mysterious experiences, excluding with marvelous skill all distracting sound or disturbing light, and silently creating in the imagination of his reader a theater for the somber tragedy of smitten, wandering, or lost souls. In "William Wilson," which appeared in the same collection of tales, there is the same quality of imagination, working, not in a region of phantasy, but in that of moral perversion and degeneration, with a psychologic insight which is more searching and striking in its working out than that which Stevenson brought to bear on the same problem in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." In this original and impressive tale he was on Hawthorne's ground, but the methods of the two great romancers had almost nothing in common. These stories are often classed with "The Raven" and "The Bells;" they belong, rather, in the perfection of their form and the depth of their conception, with "Israfel" and "The City in the Sea."

During the residence in Philadelphia appeared the first of those stories of ratiocination which exhibit another side of

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his mind and which have been the prolific ancestors of a host of more or less successful ventures in the field of detective-story writing. "The Murders of the Rue Morgue" belongs in the same group with "The Mystery of Marie Roget," "The Purloined Letter," and "The Gold Bug," tales which are on a much lower level of imagination than "Ligeia" and its kindred pieces, and the interest of which depends rather on pure inventiveness than on creative power. They appeal to curiosity, and are skillful rather than original. "The Descent into the Maelstrom," which belongs to this period, is a masterpiece of swift, impressive, and absorbing narrative; while "The Masque of the Red Death" is a study in color which has an intensity out of all proportion to its incidents. In all these stories Poe was demonstrating the soundness of the principle that a writer "having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, . . . combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. . . . In the whole composition there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design."

Poe was now the editor of "Graham's Magazine," which had made a notable success within a very short time, and was living in more comfort and apparent security than at any earlier period, when the great sorrow of his life suddenly overtook him. His delicate young wife, still hardly more than a girl, ruptured a blood-vessel while singing, hung for a long time between life and death, and was never again well. Poe's devotion had a passionate intensity; he hung over the sick-bed in an agony of apprehension, and was stretched for long years on the rack of anxiety and uncertainty. Under this terrible strain his character yielded at its weakest point.

> Six years ago [he wrote at a later period], a wife, whom I loved as no man ever loved before, ruptured a blood-vessel in singing. Her life was despaired of. I took leave of her forever, and underwent all the agonies of her death. She recovered partially, and I again hoped. At the end of the year the vessel broke again. I went through precisely the same scene. . . . Then again, again, and even once again, at varying intervals. Each time I felt all the agonies of her death; and at each accession of the disorder I loved her more dearly and clung to her life with more desperate pertinacity. But I am constitutionally sensitive—nervous in a very unusual degree. I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness I drank—God only knows how often or how much. As a matter of course, my enemies referred the insanity to the drink, rather than the drink to the insanity.

There is no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of this statement; and from this time Poe's power of concentration grew weaker. He who would venture to pronounce judgment on such a career as Poe's, in the sense of determining the moral responsibility of the victim, and striking the balance between the force of temptation in inheritance, temperament, physique, and conditions, and the power of resistance, must be either supremely rash or blindly ignorant; no such judgment is possible or necessary. It is equally futile to attempt to minimize the weight of the facts, or to deny their reaction on his productive power. Absolute veracity is a fundamental duty in all portraitures or estimates of men of genius; for the law under which all men live nowhere works its will more unmistakably than in the case of men of superior quality of mind. The relation of character to genius is not solely a matter of morals; it is quite as obviously a matter of psychology. To affirm that conduct and creativeness have no vital connection with one another is to confuse the facts of psychology as well as to conceal those of moral history. Artistic power is often strikingly put forth without regard to sanity of life; but genius is never completely expressed and its largest results harvested save by those who conform to the conditions of productiveness. In the last analysis, as Goethe saw so clearly, the artist is conditioned on the man; and the source of the limitations of a man's art will be found, as a rule, in his character and life. Entire frankness, therefore, is the prime duty of the biographer and critic; the facts must have their full weight. But only the bigot will attempt to adjust the moral balance and determine the moral responsibility.

The editorship of "Graham's" was soon lost, with the usual accompaniment of contradictory statements regarding the cause. In 1844, with very few dollars in hand, Poe was venturing "a hazard of new fortunes" in New York. The conditions would have

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disheartened a man less hopeful and daring. It was almost impossible to live by writing, and Poe seemed incapable of keeping editorial positions after he secured them.

Early in 1845 "The Raven" was published; "Ulalume" and "The Bells" appeared later. With these poems the measure of Poe's poetic expression was complete; and no American poems are so widely known. "The Raven" is probably known by more people than any other piece of verse yet written on this continent. In these poems Poe's technical skill is almost unsurpassed; he seems to have a magical command of sound; he knows by instinct and uses by intelligence the subtle resources of melody that lie in the open vowels; he produces the most striking effects by his masterly use of refrain and repetend. But the quality of Poe's genius must be sought elsewhere; for there is a note of artificiality in each of these pieces of verse; they are marvelous pieces of construction, and melody seems to issue from the heart of them; but they have no spiritual root, and no deep artistic necessity fashioned them.

In New York Poe found large opportunities for work, but, with the exception of "The Bells," he wrote little which added to his reputation or to American literature. He attacked Longfellow as a plagiarist, and failed to support the accusation; he reprinted, with changes more or less important, many of his earlier pieces; he was guilty in several instances of that exaggeration of the importance of insignificant contemporary writers which he had courageously condemned in others; and he was steadily sinking deeper into the morass which was finally to engulf him. His collected poems were published in New York under the title "The Raven, and Other Poems." The revisions which appear in this volume are important, because they form the definitive text of his work in verse. In the preface there is a very frank confession of the obvious limitations of his poetic achievement in comparison with his genius: "Events not to be controlled have prevented me from making at any time any serious effort in what, under happier circumstances, would have been the field of my choice. With me poetry has been, not a purpose, but a passion; and the passions should be held in reverence; they must not—they cannot at will—be excited, with an eye to the paltry compensations, or the more paltry commendations, of mankind." The note of sincerity is clear in the first statement; the note of insincerity is equally clear in the closing statements.

The cottage at Fordham, on the outskirts of New York, was overshadowed by the approaching death of Virginia and by the declining health of Poe himself; the ravages of care, the strain of overwork, and the disintegrating force of liquor and drugs, were rapidly destroying his nervous system. The young wife, upon whom he lavished the purest and noblest passion of his life, died in January, 1847; Poe went through a long illness, and was tenderly cared for by friends. He recovered, wrote "Eureka: A Prose Poem," in which is revealed the marvelous inventiveness of his mind, and his singular lack of real philosophical insight and grasp of principles; published "The Bells;" delivered an occasional lecture; completed "The Domain of Arnheim," one of his most characteristic tales of fantasy, and passed through at least one personal experience which made clear the inroads of weakness upon his will and intelligence. As the end approached a deep despondency settled upon him. In June, 1850, he started on a journey to Richmond. In Philadelphia he had a severe attack of *delirium tremens*, from which he recovered sufficiently to complete his journey and to find pleasure during a three months' stay in the hospitable capital of Virginia among friends who were glad to show him every honor. Late in September he started to return to New York. An uncertainty which is not likely to be dispelled rests on the history of the next few days; the few and tragic facts are that, on Wednesday afternoon of the following week, he was recognized in a drinking-place in Baltimore by a printer, who reported the fact to Dr. Snodgrass. The latter promptly had Poe taken to a hospital, where he was received in an unconscious condition, and there on the following Sunday he died. "Lord, help my poor soul," was his last appeal to the mercy of God and the charity of men.

Poe made his most definite impression upon his own contemporaries by his criticism; there is evidence that he

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attached the greater importance to his prose tales; but the reading world, which often reveals a very true instinct in these matters, insists upon the higher value and significance of his poetry. And the world is right; for Poe's genius is most completely expressed in his verse. His criticism is memorable chiefly for its historical significance; it has no place with the enduring work in this field; its author has no standing with Sainte-Beuve, Coleridge, and Arnold. His prose tales have intense individuality of conception and workmanship, and are among the most distinctive and original work yet done in America. It is by his poetry, however, that Poe must stand or fall; for in his poetry his power and his limitation are most clearly revealed. Although not in any sense a deep and consistent thinker, Poe made his art a matter of constant meditation, and, with the aid of Coleridge, had evolved a theory both of verse and short-story writing which throws clear light on his aims and methods. "The Rationale of Verse" and "The Poetic Principle" are lucid and definite in the statement of that theory. Truth, he held, appealed and gave expression to the intellect, passion stirred the heart, but beauty was the natural speech of the soul; beauty was, therefore, the expression of the deepest part of man's nature, the immortal part; its presence liberated the noblest forces in him, excited the highest emotions, and supplied the deepest satisfactions. Under the pressure of the need of his own soul and the recognition of the beautiful in the world about him, man is impelled to create, under the forms of art, a beauty of his own in which the real and the imaginary are harmoniously blended. From this creative activity truth and passion are not to be excluded; but they are to be kept in strict subordination to the main purpose of creating a definite and overpowering impression of beauty. The soul is to be nourished and enriched, not by ethical impulse or by the vision of larger knowledge, but by the dilation of the imagination. It must be added that beauty, in Poe's view, was a witness to the presence of the divine in the world, and had, therefore, a spiritual significance and quality. Poetry he defined as "the rhythmical creation of beauty;" he insisted upon brevity as essential to lyrical perfection, and went so far as to affirm that "a long poem does not exist."

If these principles or maxims are applied to Poe's verse, it will be found that it stands the test. No artist had made his work more consistently embody and express his conception of the aims and methods of his art. Unlike Wordsworth and Whitman, Poe gains by the approach of his poetry to his philosophy. So far as his philosophy of art was concerned, there was nothing original in it; it was, however, exactly suited to his temperament and his genius. So far as his maxims of construction are concerned, they are the laws of his own nature rather than of art. They so nicely bring out the structure of his own work that the suspicion of the *ex post facto* origin cannot be avoided.

Within the limits which Poe set to the poetic art, there was ample room for the deepest and noblest activity of the poetic impulse, for Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Tennyson. But this field was greatly narrowed by his maxims for verse-production. In this narrower field of artistic vision and power he made his great and lasting success. In at least half a dozen poems he has shown a skill akin to magic in producing a single striking and unusual effect, by concentration of interest, subordination of secondary meaning, compression of thought within a narrow compass, and the identification of the poem with a distinctive metrical effect. Within these narrow limits, imposed by his own genius, confirmed by his character, and, later, rationalized into a philosophy, Poe was a master. He fashioned, under these rules, a few poems which are finalities.

When his work is brought to the test of the supreme poetic work of the race, it is seen, however, that it has very marked limitations; it remains perfect of its kind and unique in its quality, but it lacks mass, reality, passion, and spirituality. It is devoid of humor, that great human quality which, with one or two exceptions, flows through the greatest imaginative work; it is not representative on a large scale of human life and interpretative of human experience; there is no real grasp of character in it; its formative ideas are few and lacking in depth. Poe is the most individual of our poets and the most magical; but he lacks the veracity, insight, range, and fertility of the great poet.

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AN ENGLISH VILLAGE WORTHY

By Clifton Johnson

Illustrated by the Author

HIS name was Taplow. He was a hardy, stout-figured old gentleman with a wisp of gray beard making a thin half-circle from ear to ear under his chin, and in person and manner he was so bluff and hearty that he seemed to me a typical John Bull.

He was a man of some leisure, for he was one of the Queen's pensioners, an ex-policeman who had served his twenty years in London and then retired to end his days in his native village. He had a little garden back of his cottage, which he cared for, and he was the sexton of the Established Church of the community; but his duties were not arduous, and a large part of the day he was unoccupied.

Thus it happened that I saw him often. He knew all about everybody and everything, and though his speech was inclined to be slow and ponderous, he was, in his way, a voluble and picturesque talker. I enjoyed taking a walk in his company, and I enjoyed visiting him at his little brick house that was a short distance down the street from the village hotel where I was making a stay of some weeks.

On one of my first calls at his home I found him with his elbows on the small table in the center of the kitchen reading a circular left by a traveling doctor. Mr. Taplow passed the circular to me with the remark that this doctor could cure "about everything but the wagging of a woman's tongue."

"I told my wife that," said he, "just before you come in, and it got me into trouble in no time."

Mr. Taplow was always getting off some joke of this nature, and no one enjoyed his witticisms more than he did himself. His aged blue eyes would twinkle and he would laugh all over—an eruptive, wheezing, gurgling sort of a laugh that was almost coughing.

The Taplow kitchen was a mere box of

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a room, with two of the prettiest windows imaginable. One was very wide and deep, with dainty square panes, and the broad sill was set full of plants. The other window was only less pretty because it was smaller. At one side of the room was a dresser full of old-fashioned dishes, and next it a tall clock; and the little room was crowded with other furnishings.

From a black beam which crossed the ceiling was suspended a row of ten large hand-bells. These ran from low tones to high, like a scale of music, and Mr. Taplow struck them with his cane to show me that one could play a tune on them if he only knew how.

Five men rang the chimes at the village church, and this row of bells was for their use when at Christmas-time they made a tour of the parish to collect their rates. Armed with the bells, one in each hand, the five men went the Christmas rounds, visiting in turn the homes of the subscribers to their rates, and in front of every house-door rang on the bells the various tunes they had been practicing for two or three weeks beforehand. They not only collected their dues, but were treated to refreshments, in which beer and certain liquors of a more vigorous nature figured prominently. The result was that some of the bell-ringers got as drunk as "fiddlers" before the tour was completed.

At the time I called on Mr. Taplow and found him studying the medical circular, he was alone in the kitchen, but I could hear his wife rummaging about upstairs. Presently she came down and passed through into the back room. She was a thin, sharp old woman, with a nature so prim and precise that Mr. Taplow's easy-going ways were a sore trial to her. The lady's countenance as she snapped the back-room door behind her was very glum, and I was not at all surprised when she called Mr. Taplow out and gave him a scolding. But he took it cheerfully, and asked her to come in and let the gentleman have a sight of her—"He'll be pleased to see a cross woman, I'll be bound."

In a few minutes Mr. Taplow returned to the kitchen, chuckling and winking sagaciously. He said he liked to have "a little dig with her now and then. She scolds me well, and then is sweet as sugar right after."

The trouble on this occasion had to do with the fact that early in the day his wife wanted him to plant potatoes, and she told him he was lazy. He would as soon plant the potatoes as not, he said, but to be called lazy so stirred his wrath that he wouldn't do anything the rest of the day.

It is not to be inferred that this was a fair example of life in the Taplow home, for I usually found Mr. and Mrs. Taplow as comfortably content with the world and with each other as the average.

Mr. Taplow was often reminiscent, and the story of his life ran in this wise:

"I was born here in this village, and I went to a private school here when I was a boy. The schoolin' cost sixpence a week. Those in the same class would set on the same bench, boys and girls together. But if we got too sociable the master'd ketch us at it. The master carried a stick in his arm, and if we didn't behave, crack it went! Yes, if you got out of the square he'd crack it over your nob very sudden. Sometimes he'd throw it at you. Then he'd say, 'Now, Robert, bring that to me;' and after he'd got you out on the floor he'd tell you to touch your toes, and as soon as you got stooped over he'd hit you from behind.

"After I got through school I sloped [ran away] to Portsmouth and forgot all I knew. A few years later I went up to London and got took on the police force, and then I pretty soon married. My wife was an educated woman, and we used to read together spare time. She taught me all I know. She'd been brought up by a lady that educated her for a governess—only she happened to stumble across a reprobate like me and didn't accept the position that was made for her.

"We had two sons. My wife took more interest in the oldest one than she did in the youngest, and we gave him the best education and he turned out the worst. He got a position as a stockbroker's clerk, and things went well enough for a time; but he dropped into curious company, I suppose, and got a blot put upon his name. I haven't heard from him these twenty years. He wrote and said he was going to Liverpool, and that was the last word ever come from him. My youngest son is one of the heads of a printing establishment on Ludgate Hill there in London. When I go in to see

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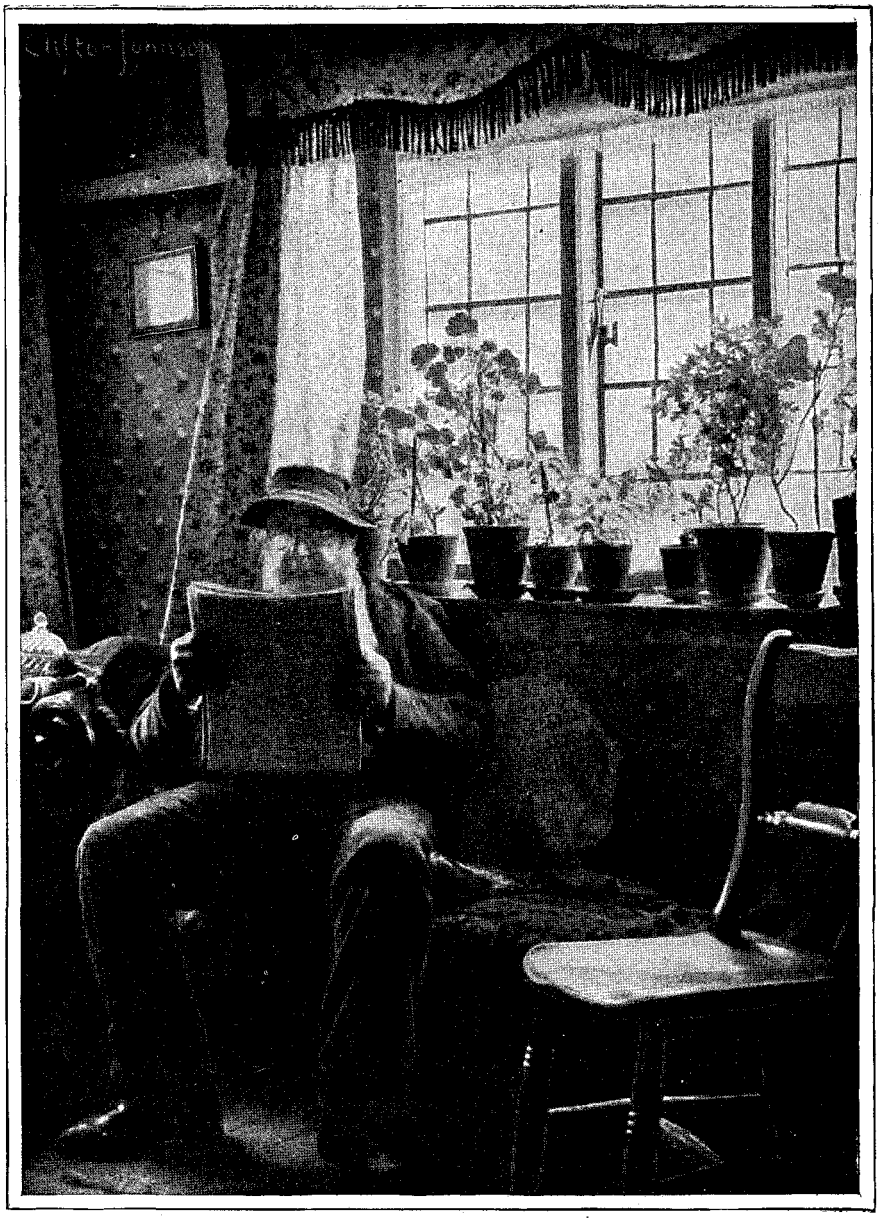

MR. TAPLOW AT HOME

him, I can't call him 'Bill'—he's too tony for that; I have to say '*Mr.* Taplow' to him, just as I would to any gentleman.

"After my wife died, I married my present wife. She was sister to my first wife. There's a foolish law that says you sha'n't marry your diseased wife's sister, and the vicar we've got here found fault with me for marryin' as I had. But I told him not to meddle with my affairs, and that if I was to lose this wife and there was another sister in the same family I'd marry her too."

Mr. Taplow spent a good deal of time standing in his doorway watching the sights up and down the street, chatting with people who passed, and calling out remarks to the man who lived across the way. He usually leaned against the doorpost with a short pipe in his mouth, and often had the company of a sober Maltese

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THE VILLAGE STREET

cat named Charlie, which sat dozing on the brick steps at his master's feet.

One of the most interesting of the stories that Mr. Taplow told had to do with an experience of his in cleaning his chimney. He had been saying that boy sweeps have not been allowed to go up chimneys of late years. Chimneys put up now are too small for even a boy to climb through, and they have to be cleaned with a machine. But great numbers of little fellows used to be employed at this work. With a short-handled hoe and a brush the boys would wriggle up the flues, "and when they got to the top," said Mr. Taplow, "they'd poke their 'ead out and 'oller, 'Swe-e-ep!' They'd be black as that pot on the hearth there when they come down.

"That reminds me of the time when we lived in Portsmouth," he continued. "The missus had been grumblin' and grumblin' about 'ow we'd got to 'ave our chimney swep', and I said, 'Why don't you stop your grumblin' and call in a sweep?'

"But she only kep' on grumblin', and one day I thought I'd try my 'and at chimney-sweepin'. The old gun stood in the corner, and I took it and poked the muzzle up the chimney and fired. I was like to be smothered. The soot come tumblin' down and covered everythin'. You couldn't see the fender, and it was settling two inches thick 'way out on the other side of the room. I thought I had better make myself scarce."

Mr. Taplow was chuckling with huge enjoyment over the remembrance of this episode when the tall kitchen clock chimed eight. That brought him promptly to his feet with the remark that it was "clock-winding time." But he looked toward his wife, not toward the clock, and she fumbled in the bureau drawer and handed him some small coins. He slipped the money into his pocket, and got his cane and hat preparatory to stepping across to the hotel taproom.

"He spends more than half his money over the way," said Mrs. Taplow, deprecatingly.

"I have a Missus in London," was Mr.

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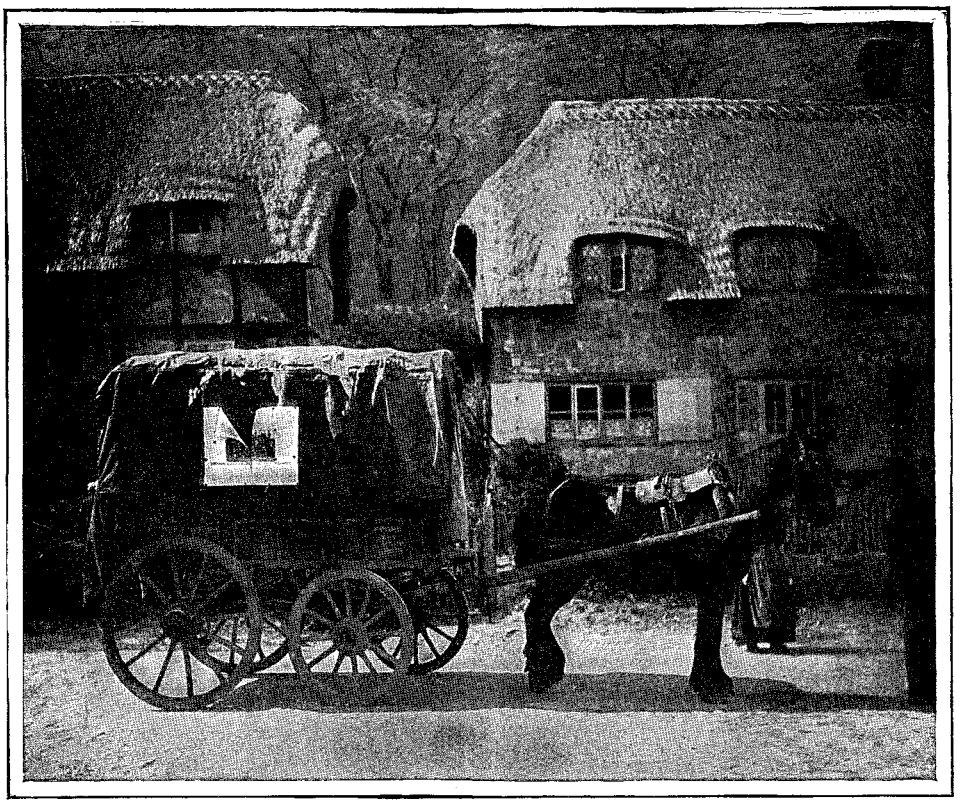

THE VILLAGE CARRIER'S CART

Taplow's response—"a woman they call 'Vic' [Queen Victoria], and she never finds fault. She sends me all the money I need. If I can't live on Vic's annuity, it's time I stopped living." Then he stumped away to get his beer.

One evening an old man of the village who had been a lifelong friend of Mr. Taplow's walked away from his cottage across the fields to a little pond, waded in, and committed suicide. Search for him was made next day, and his body was found in this little bush-bordered pond.

The suicide was a drinking man, but it was generally thought that he had been ill-treated in his home, and there was a story that the night before he drowned himself his daughter and her husband had tied him on the floor. The sympathy of the villagers was with him, while his relatives were very generally condemned by public sentiment.

Mr. Taplow, as sexton, dug the suicide's grave, and the village carrier took it on himself to gather contributions toward getting a wreath for the suicide. The wreath he bought was very much admired. It was made of some unearthly artificial flowers in a glass case.

The suicide's family were not altogether pleased with the consideration shown the dead man by his neighbors, and they were inclined to be spiteful. They said they would have no flowers put on the grave, and they would not have the muffled chimes rung for him, either. But old Daniel, the suicide, had been a bell-ringer, and his friends were bound the muffled chimes should be rung, and they were rung. The flowers were put on the grave, too; but, for fear they would be stolen or injured, they were kept inside the church the first night.

Not long after old Daniel's burial I left the village, but I returned two months later, and the first bit of news I learned at my hotel was that Mr. Taplow was no longer sexton. They said that on a day when there was to be an evening prayer-meeting he had drank too heavily, and, as a consequence, had so prolonged his afternoon nap that he was an hour later than he

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should have been about starting to attend to his duties at the church. No bell had been rung, and the people all came straggling in very late. The vicar had to light the lamps himself, and he was just on the point of beginning the service when in comes Mr. Taplow and goes to the tower and tolls the bell. That was too much for the vicar, and he turned Mr. Taplow off.

The most agreeable impression I got of Mr. Taplow was in a certain appreciation he showed for nature, which was sufficiently marked to make him very good company on the walks we took together. Perhaps the thing I feel most grateful for was his introduction to that queen of English songsters, the nightingale.

The region abounded in bird life. The village was the home of great numbers of sparrows and swallows that had nests in the roofs and chimneys. As long as daylight lasted the air was full of their twittering and chirping, while the songs of countless other birds were heard in the fields and woods and the scattered trees and bushes round about. The domestic rooks loitered in the pastures and on the cultivated farm-lands all day; the daws hovered about the church-tower; groups of blackbirds made hasty flights from tree to tree; lapwings cried in the fields; skylarks climbed far up toward the clouds; and every lane and roadway was enlivened by the presence and the music of the lesser feathered minstrels of all kinds. They were everywhere, and the carols and the choruses and the constant sight of flitting wings made every pleasant day pleasanter still.

I early became acquainted with the more common birds, but the nightingale was elusive. It was one morning late in May when I heard it first. I was out with Mr. Taplow. We had climbed a path through a beech wood to a broad, bushy pasture hill. Mr. Taplow had his cane in his hand, and he flourished it about to show me how he would deal with a "viper" if we came across one. "I'd like to see one of those gentlemen now," said he. "I'm that fond of them I'd walk a mile to have a rap at one with my stick."

As we went along, he peered into the bushes in hopes of finding birds' nests. At last, with a good deal of delight, he pointed out the nest of a thrush in a scrubby young apple-tree. The old bird was still on, and continued to sit very quietly, with head alert, though we were within a few feet of it. When we went on, my companion said, "The old lady didn't take much notice of us, did she?"

We returned to the village by a long-disused road that led down the northern slope of the hill, sometimes in the twilight of an evergreen wood, sometimes in a pasture dell where the short turf sparkled with daisies. It was almost noon, yet along here we caught several times stray notes of a nightingale song. Mr. Taplow trod very softly, and bent over and craned his neck, and was at great pains to catch sight of the bird.

He did not succeed, but his interest was aroused, and he described the bird's song with enthusiasm, and said we must go out again and hear it to better advantage. He knew a place where the nightingale sang every night, and he would like to take me there some pleasant evening. So one pleasant night we went through a piece of scrubby woodland and on the other side sat on a stile and listened. From near by came the sound of a little brook rushing and tumbling down the hillside, but no nightingale vouchsafed to sing, and again we resumed our walk. The path now kept along the edge of the wood in a pasture, and here we found our bird, and heard it pipe and twitter and break into full song. A half-moon shone high in the sky, a dog barked far away, some cattle lying in dark heaps about the dim field made themselves apparent by an occasional movement and by their heavy breathing; old Mr. Taplow, leaning forward on his cane, chuckled huskily when the bird made a particularly happy run; I put my hands in my pockets and got myself into small compass, for the evening was chilly.

The bird was not far away in the brushy wood, and its singing was most charming. It trilled and gurgled and whistled with many quick and unexpected changes. The song had the freedom and strength of noble music. Some of the notes were of the utmost purity and clearness, and they seemed to penetrate into all the region about. The wonder was that a bird with so beautiful a song should sing only in the night. Darkness seems a time for

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whippoorwills, owls, frogs, and other weird-voiced creatures—not for such dainty music.

But the air was so keen and its dampness so penetrating that we could not with comfort linger later, even if the singing was most beautiful, and presently we plodded along back to the village. Mr. Taplow said he often went down there to Coomb Wood of an evening when he hadn't anything else to do, and sat for hours listening to the nightingale. He took great pride in the bird.

Olive, the maid at my hotel, said she had never heard a nightingale. I told her to go down the lithe (a winding valley known in the region as "the long lithe" —pronounced lith) and she could hear them sing at that season almost any time after sunset. But she replied that she did not dare to go down the lithe after dark. A man hung himself in an oak-tree down there once, and they said his ghost still walked the lithe at midnight.

With the maid and others of her class superstition was curiously vital, and they acknowledged its force with the frankest simplicity. Whatever Mr. Taplow thought about such things, he did not show the fears that oppressed most of the believers. He had been a policeman, and he was belligerent by nature. Whoever it was, man or ghost, that took the offensive, he would meet them half-way.

Mr. Taplow had his faults, but there was nothing cringing or dishonest about him, and I could not but like him and find his outspoken British independence interesting.

The Old Song

There is a garden sweet with rose and pink,
  Where honeysuckle grows and virgin's bower,
Soft turfed, and shelving to the river's brink,
  And in that garden grows my heart's white flower.

She moves about it like a living rose,
  And from my boat, as I come up the stream,
I see, 'mid all the flowers her garden grows,
  The living lily of her garments gleam.

At night I walk beside the darkling tide,
  Where the drowned stars among the lilies stir,
See her bright window on the farther side,
  And bless the happy roof that shelters her.

And when I touch that fair, enchanted land,
  Among the roses in the sunlit noon,
She comes to me and takes me by the hand,
  And Life's a song, and Love, true Love, the tune!

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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Another Chance

A Lyric from Life's Monodrama

By Henry van Dyke

Come, give me back my life again, you heavy-handed Death!
Uncrook your fingers from my throat, and let me draw my breath.
You do me wrong to take me now—too soon for me to die—
Ah, loose me from this clutching pain, and hear the reason why.

I know I've had my forty years, and wasted every one;
And yet, I tell you honestly, my life is not begun;
I've walked the world like one asleep, a dreamer in a trance;
But now you've gripped me wide awake—I want another chance.

My dreams were always beautiful, my thoughts were high and fine;
No life was ever lived on earth to match those dreams of mine.
And would you wreck them unfulfilled? What folly, nay, what crime!
You rob the world, you waste a soul—give me a little time.

You'll hear me? Yes, I'm sure you will, my hope is not in vain;
I feel the even pulse of peace, the sweet relief from pain;
The black fog rolls away from me; I'm free once more to plan:
Another chance is all I need to prove myself a man.

. . . . . .

The world is full of warfare 'twixt the evil and the good;
I watched the battle from afar as one that understood:
The shouting and confusion, the bloody, blundering fight—
How few there are that see it clear, how few that wage it right!

The captains flushed with foolish pride, the soldiers pale with fear,
The faltering flags, the feeble fire from ranks that swerve and veer,
The wild mistakes, the dismal doubts, the coward hearts that flee—
The good cause needs a nobler knight to win the victory.

A man whose soul is pure and strong, whose sword is bright and keen,
Who knows the splendor of the fight and what its issues mean;
Who never takes one step aside, nor halts, though hope be dim,
But cleaves a pathway thro' the strife, and bids men follow him.

No blot upon his stainless shield, no weakness in his arm;
No sign of trembling in his face to break his valor's charm:

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One man like this could stay the flight and lead the wavering line;
Ah, give me but a year of life—I'll make that glory mine!

. . . . . .

Religion? Yes, I know it well; I've heard its prayers and creeds,
And seen men put them all to shame with poor, half-hearted deeds.
They follow Christ, but far away; they wander and they doubt.
I'll serve him in a better way, and live his precepts out.

You see, I've waited just for this; I could not be content
To own a feeble, faltering faith with human weakness blent.
Too many runners in the race move slowly, stumble, fall;
But I will run so straight and swift I shall outstrip them all.

Oh, think what it will mean to men, amid their foolish strife,
To see the clear, unshadowed light of one true Christian life,
Without a touch of selfishness, without a taint of sin,—
With one short month of such a life a new world would begin!

. . . . . .

And love—I often dream of that—the treasure of the earth;
How little they who use the coin have realized its worth!
'Twill pay all debts, enrich all hearts, and make all joys secure.
But love, to do its perfect work, must be sincere and pure.

My heart is full of virgin gold. I'll pour it out, and spend
My hidden wealth, with lavish hand, on all who call me friend.
Not one shall miss the kindly deed, the largess of relief,
The generous fellowship of joy, the sympathy of grief.

I'll say the loyal, helpful things that make life sweet and fair,
I'll pay the gratitude I owe for human love and care.
Perhaps I've been at fault sometimes—I'll ask to be forgiven,
And make this very room of mine seem like a little heaven.

For one by one I'll call my friends to stand beside my bed;
I'll speak the true and tender words that I have left unsaid;
And every heart shall throb and glow, all coldness melt away
Around my altar-fire of love—ah, give me but one day!

. . . . . .

What's that? I've had another day—and wasted it again?
A priceless day, in empty dreams,—another chance in vain?
Thou fool—this night—it's very dark—the last—this choking breath—
One prayer! Good God, forgive a dreamer's soul,—who wakes in death.

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Jim Blaisdell Speaks

By Elizabeth Y. Rutan

SO you think there are always jobs enough for men who are willing to work? I've heard men say that, before now. We used often to discuss the question, Harry Baxter and I, and that was the stand he took.

"As long as I've got two hands," says he, "I can support myself and my wife."

That was before he and Jenny were married. They'd gone together ever since they were in the infant class at Sunday-school, and we were all interested, for Jenny was out-and-out the prettiest girl of our set, and I never knew a feller that folks liked better than they did Harry. It was queer, too. He wasn't handsome, and he didn't talk a great deal; and when he did, he had an odd sort of impediment in his speech—stopped right in the middle of a word, and you could count ten before he could go on again. It made it a little hard for him with strangers, but with folks that knew him, well—it's just as I said, I never see a feller people liked better. He was sort of lovable, so to speak. You felt better when he was in the room, and you wished he'd stay.

He went through the high school, and he was the only one of us fellers who did, and Jenny was terrible proud of him. She'd had to leave when she got through the grammar, and she lived with her aunt, who kept a lodging-house, and Jenny worked for her board. But she didn't stop studying for all that. I think it sort of wore on her, though—working all day and then going to evening high school and literature classes at night.

But Jenny was terrible ambitious, and by the time she was twenty and Harry was twenty-one, she was, as I say, the prettiest girl of the set, but the most delicate-looking, too.

She said to me once, "Jim," says she, "did you ever hear of the woman

'who was always tired,
'Cause she lived in a house where help wasn't hired;
So she folded her hands in her latest endeavor,
Saying, *Nothing*, dear *nothing*, sweet *nothing* forever'?

Well, that's the way I feel; but I expect I'll get a chance to rest after we get married."

I guess she did, too. She braced up wonderfully, for a while. They had a pretty little home.

"Four rooms and a *bath*," Jenny used to say, for that was a little uncommon. It got to be quite a meeting-place for our set, and the church folks complained we didn't tend up to the sociables a bit well after Harry and Jenny got married.

They used to talk to me about their affairs a good deal, as Harry and I'd been chums since we were in the lowest room in the grammar, and we'd roomed together for two years before he was married. I remember we discussed the life insurance question, up and down. Jenny was set against it; but Harry he'd made up his mind it was the best way to save.

"Why! it's great," says he; "and the beauty of it is you've *got* to do it, once get started, or your policy'll run out and the whole business goes for nothing. That's what I call an incentive to saving."

After the baby came, Jenny didn't hold out any longer against insurance. I think life had begun to scare her a little, and she didn't feel so capable as she used to. So they took on the policy—only five thousand dollars, but that was a big lump out of their income, once in six months.

"It's altogether too much," says I.

"Nonsense!" says Harry. "Why, it would be fairly criminal for us not to save that much, with the steady job I've got. And if anything happens to me, Jim, you'll see Jenny places it so's to get the most out of it."

He really was fixed very well. He'd learned stenography, evenings, while he was in the High School, and he got a job with a big boot and shoe firm the week after he graduated. I don't imagine Harry's so terrible clever, but, as I said, folks used to take to him, and he was everlastingly faithful and pleasant; and that counts—as long as you're among friends.

It was in '93 that trouble began to

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come to a good many of us, and it was like lightning out of a clear sky to Harry. His firm failed late in the fall; went all to smash all of a sudden, and the senior partner died of heart disease two days after.

I went over to the flat that night, as soon as I'd seen it in the papers, and I found them pretty well broke up. The baby was a year and a half old then, and they'd let it stay up longer that night for comfort. It was the brightest little chap you ever see, and Harry and I always wanted to play with it after supper; but Jenny, says she,

"No, boys; that baby's going to be brought up by rule. I haven't read psychology for nothing these last three years."

When Jenny used large words, Harry and I generally give in; and the baby *was* brought up by rule, and I must say it worked.

But to-night it seemed as if they just couldn't let it out of their sight. Harry was cuddling it in his arms when I came in, and kept trying to make it say Uncle Jim, which he vowed it could and I vowed it couldn't.

It made a sound with its lips like a small steam radiator, and Harry insisted that was "Jim."

We got down to hard pan after a while, though all of us hated to begin; but Harry kept the baby cuddled in his arms, and Jenny never said a word, even when it went off to sleep.

He was pretty cheerful, and he said again, as he'd said so often when he'd heard of other men that'd lost their jobs, that he guessed something was wrong if a man with two hands couldn't support himself and his wife.

"And baby, too," he said, giving the little chap a squeeze that woke him up and made Jenny take him off to bed.

When she got back, Harry was talking about his insurance, and saying what a comfort it was knowing Jenny'd be all right if anything happened to him.

"And I can always shoot myself," said he, trying to joke, "if worst comes to worst."

Jenny didn't like it, and she began to cry, which wasn't a bit like her; and Harry tried to turn it off, and talked about their plans; but he stammered more than I'd heard him since we had a master he hated in the grammar-school. Jenny told me next day that he went all to pieces when I left; but he stuck to it while I was there that it wouldn't be hard to find another job.

Perhaps it wouldn't, under ordinary circumstances; but that wasn't any ordinary winter, as any one can tell you who knows anything about the matter.

"Twenty thousand men out of work in this city," one paper had it, and there was a terrible kick-up when that report came out. Folks that were comfortably fixed, with money in the bank, vowed it was just sensationalism; or, if it *was* a fact, a large proportion of 'em were hoboes. I'm not setting up to decide. I'm only telling you Harry Baxter's experience.

He kept a stiff upper lip for some time, and insisted that when the insurance came due he should pay it, job or no job, if he had the money.

"Why, good gracious!" he said, "anybody'd think you thought this thing was going to last. It stands to reason that a strong, healthy man's going to be able to support his family. There's something wrong, sure, if he can't."

Well, there seemed a good many things wrong that winter. Finally I gave up my room and came over to board with them. They let me have the dining-room, and we all ate in the kitchen. We said we didn't mind, but we did. We'd taken a lot of satisfaction in that dining-room.

Harry kept on looking up jobs. He stopped buying papers, and used to go to the library and look up "Wants" there, and there weren't many he didn't apply for. But things seemed to all go against him. The stammering was always a difficulty, and I noticed it grew on him as he got downhearted.

"Jim," says he, "if there's a blamed thing I haven't applied for, I'd like to hear of it. I tried for a place in a barber's shop yesterday, and this morning I offered to go as a sandwich man, but I was too tall to fit the boards."

He was big—a six-footer—but not over strong, never having had much out-of-door life; and I used to think that if he'd got some of the jobs he tried for there'd soon have been nothing left for Jenny but the insurance money he talked so much about.

Then I was taken sick. Jenny nursed

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me for a few days, but one night I was out of my head all night, and they had the doctor.

"Typhoid," said he, "and we must get him to the hospital at once."

That's the last I knew of Harry and Jenny for three months, for it was nearly that before I was out and about again. And they'd simply dropped out of sight. No one had heard a word of them for weeks, and what happened I learned afterwards, mostly from Jenny.

They actually had got down to their last five-dollar bill the week I left, and not a ghost of a sign of anything coming in. Jenny'd just made up her mind to see if she could get something to do, and let Harry look after the baby, when a letter came from her aunt, who'd moved to Lawrence. She kept a mill boarding-house there, and she wrote that Jenny could come to her with the baby, and work for her board; and that would give Harry a better chance. She said there was no use of his coming there, though, for men were being discharged all the time; and she intimated pretty plain that she didn't want him, and Harry never was the kind of a fellow to push himself where he wasn't welcome.

At first it didn't seem as if they could do it, for, as I said, they hadn't been parted since they were kids, and I never see two people more bound up in each other.

"Harry," says Jenny, "if it wasn't for the baby, I wouldn't think twice of it," and Harry knew that all right.

"What'll we do with the furniture?" says she.

"Sell it," says he; and Jenny just cried at that, though I can tell you she hadn't done much crying all through.

She said it all come over her that this was the end of things—being respectable, and bringing her family up to nice ways, and all the things she and Harry had planned for years and years.

"Well, they did sell it, wedding presents and all, and they divided the money, which wasn't so awful much, let me tell you. Then Harry made a foolish move, without telling Jenny. He paid the insurance that was just due, and it left him pretty near dead broke. But he had an awful horror of dying and leaving Jenny and the baby unprovided for.

Jenny left for Lawrence, and Harry knocked round in Boston for another month, getting a job now and then, but not enough really to live on. They'd just started the five-cent restaurant, and there wasn't a steadier customer than Harry. It was all right for a little, but it couldn't have been much fun living that way to a man who'd had Jenny for 'most three years.

Then he heard that things were picking up some in New York, and, having a little money, he went on there.

He told me that as he stood on the deck of the Fall River boat at night looking at the water, it seemed as if the devil himself was at his elbow urging him to jump in and end the whole business.

"And I tell you, Jim," said he, "it was the life insurance saved me, that time. I knew it was eight weeks yet before the time was up in the suicide clause, and I'd be a scamp to put an end to myself now and leave Jenny without a penny."

It struck me the thing would 'a' worked even better if he hadn't had any insurance at all; but that was his way of looking at it.

He found a cheap lodging-place in New York, and then he began to tramp again; and he tramped and tramped, from Harlem to the Bowery, and spent his coppers on the ferries to Brooklyn and Jersey City, and all with the same result—wearing out shoe-leather and spending pennies. He gave up his room after a little, and took to getting a bed in the night lodging-houses he was nearest. You might try that some time, if you think it was fun for a feller brought up the way Harry'd been.

Finally he applied at the places where work was being provided, street-sweeping and such; you read about that, of course, and how you might find more than one man with white hands keeping New York streets clean. He got some jobs that way, but this time his lack of family was against him. Of course men with wives and children got the first chance, and that was all right, too, and he knew it was.

Harry'd kept himself looking pretty respectable, and, as I said, he had a taking sort of way with him, and one of the women at Rivington Street, where they gave out the work, got to talking with him one morning.

She was more Harry's sort than he'd seen in a long day, and he told her about

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Jenny and the baby; and the girl seemed to even understand the things he couldn't tell her.

"It's a shame," says she. "It just breaks my heart. I don't know what we're coming to, and my own father discharged fifty of his men yesterday, and cut down the pay of the rest. He's a good man, I *know* that; and when he told me he *had* to do it, I *had* to believe him. But it seems as if I hadn't any right to the bread I eat or the clothes I wear.

"Can you do heavy work?" and she looked at him as if she doubted it, for doughnuts and beans don't give a man what you'd call a hearty look, after he's had 'em for pretty steady diet.

"I'd rather die doing it than live without," says Harry.

"Well, so would I," said she, and she asked him to wait a minute.

"I've written a letter," said she, when she came back, "to a man I did a favor for once. He's a contractor, and he takes on men all the time. If he has any work, he'll give it to you. Good-by!" And when she shook hands the tears were in her eyes, and she said, "I shall think about your wife. I like to read psychology myself."

Well, Harry got the place. The contractor said the foreman had just discharged a man for laziness, and Harry could take his pick and go to work. It was laying a street railway in upper New York.

So at last he'd got a steady job—the thing he'd been looking for all winter. It's true he hadn't scarcely spent a day outdoors in his life, and the heaviest work he'd ever done was carrying coal-hods for Jenny; and now he was out in the slush and rain from morning till night, and at work with the pick ten hours a day. But things like that didn't count the winter of '93, and the papers were full of how a man ought to be thankful for a chance to earn his bread.

And Harry was thankful. A dollar a day means something to a man who's been living on doughnuts and beans. He stuck to it a fortnight, continuing to be thankful; living a little better, so's he wouldn't break down, but saving all he could, for Jenny wrote she wasn't feeling well and had had to have the doctor.

The day he was paid off came another letter that pretty nearly finished him. Jenny wrote this time that the baby was sick and cried all the time, and her aunt couldn't have her in the house any longer. She'd taken a room, and as soon as the baby was better she should put him into the day-nursery and get work in the stocking-mill.

Harry couldn't stand that. At first he thought he'd start for home, and then he realized that would just make a bad matter worse. So he put ten dollars out of the twelve dollars he'd got that night into an envelope, and wrote Jenny he was getting on fine and would send for her presently, and on no account was she to leave the baby.

He'd got just three dollars in his pocket, and he thought he could stick it out till the fortnight was up and he got paid off again.

Well, perhaps some men could, but it makes a difference how you've been brought up. Harry told me he used to eat the peel to the bananas he bought, nights when he was tramping New York streets and resting in doorways when the policeman wasn't looking.

He got through some nights that way, for the sake of saving the dime he'd have had to pay for a bed.

"Of the two," said he, "food and sleep, food seemed the most desirable, considering what you got for a bed."

Once he put in the whole night in a doorway, and the next morning he thought Jenny was frying sausages, and he was ashamed of himself that he'd overslept and hadn't made the fire. And all day, when he was at work with the pick, he kept smelling the sausages. It made him sick and faint, and he couldn't think of anything else, not even of Jenny or the baby, or what he was going to do; but just sausages and griddle-cakes, and all the things she ever fried for breakfast.

That night he went to an eating-house and ordered them all.

"Seems as if I didn't know what I was doing," he told Jenny afterwards. "I knew I hadn't any right to spend the money; and I knew I ought to think about you and the baby. But I couldn't—I just didn't care."

That was the beginning of the second week, and he hadn't but a few cents left.

Tuesday noon he got another letter

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from Jenny, and she said the baby was worse, and the doctor was afraid it wasn't going to get well. Its food didn't nourish it, he said, and he recommended food that cost a dollar a bottle. Jenny was pretty near crazy, not knowing what to do.

"We never ought to have separated, Harry," she wrote. "We both of us own the baby, and we ought both to have stuck to him." She'd got to the point, too, where she didn't much know what she was doing or saying.

Well, there was Harry with his steady job—the thing he'd been tramping after all winter, but with no money in his pocket to keep him alive, and his baby dying, two hundred and fifty miles away. Perhaps you can imagine how he felt.

He tramped all night that night, and by morning there wasn't a great deal of work in him. He knew he couldn't stick it out much longer or he'd drop in the traces, so he went to the foreman to say he was going to leave and would like his money.

The foreman said he could leave all right, but he'd have to wait for his money till Saturday night, when they paid off.

Why was that, you want to know?

Well, it was the rule, as Harry might have known if he hadn't been new to the business.

An unfair rule, you think?

Oh, not altogether. That's inexperience again. Most rules of that sort benefit both parties, only, naturally, they don't fit all cases.

Harry tried to explain the circumstances, and he began to stammer and the words wouldn't come.

"You blamed fool," said the foreman, "you're drunk; that's what's the matter with you," and he turned his back upon him.

Harry staggered back to his pick again, and I dare say he did act drunk; and the foreman couldn't be blamed very much for classing him in with every-day experiences.

One thing Harry knew—if he could get discharged, for some fault of his own, he'd get his money down, for that was something he saw every day. So he tried the laziness dodge, and it wasn't hard, on an empty stomach, to make it seem pretty genuine. That afternoon the foreman didn't take any notice of him; and next morning he would swear at him when he passed, but discharge him he wouldn't, and Harry hadn't spirit enough left to act noisy drunk, for he'd eaten nothing that day but a biscuit.

At noon he give it up, too sick to even stay on the spot, threw down his pick, and flung up the steady job he'd tramped all winter to get.[1] He hadn't a cent in his pocket, and but one idea in his head—that the time of the suicide clause in the life-insurance policy was up next day, and the best thing he could do was to put an end to himself, and then Jenny'd have money enough to buy food for the baby.

I guess he'd have done it fast enough if Providence hadn't interfered. He managed to get down as far as Fleischman's that night—you've heard of the bakery where they gave away stale bread at midnight every night.

There was a line of men 'way down Broadway, sitting on the curbstone, waiting for bread.

A tough crowd?

Well, I s'pose so. Harry looked tough by this time. Some experiences have that effect, continued long enough.

He got in line and he sat on the curbstone. While he waited, he sort of dozed, and he says he kept thinking about the old times at home, and how once the whole set of us fellers got hauled up by the cop, when we were little shavers, for playing chalk corners, which was against the law. He thought he was nearer the police station than he'd been any time since then, and he was trying to find out whose fault it was. He kept saying to himself:

"There's *something* wrong when a man can't support himself and his family."

Then the man next him yanked his arm, and Harry got his bread when his turn came. How he put in the rest of the night he could never remember. But the next thing he could tell about was being at the post-office inquiring for a letter, and thinking he'd like to know how things were with Jenny and the baby for the last time.

When he saw my writing—for it was a

[1] Lest this should seem an exaggerated view of labor possibilities, it may be said that the facts stated above, and, indeed, all of the story so far as relates to the experience of "Harry" in seeking work, are precisely those of actual occurrence in a case brought to the author's attention. A "Weekly Payment Law" has been enacted in Massachusetts to protect workingmen from such emergencies as this, and the Consumers' Leagues make it a necessary qualification of a "fair house" that it should pay its employees weekly.

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letter from me, not Jenny, that he found—he said it almost knocked him over, and then he seemed to come to himself all of a sudden. He said he hadn't thought of me for weeks. It was just as if everybody in the old life was dead, and he and Jenny and the baby were all there was left in the world.

I was out of the hospital by that time, and back in my old place, though pretty weak. Of course the first thing I did was to hunt up Harry, for I hadn't forgotten him by any means, if he had me. I'd been having a fight for life, too, but it didn't equal his.

I got track of Jenny first, and went up there on a Sunday. I found the baby pretty low, and as for Jenny, you'd never 'a' known her. She'd lost all her pretty color, and there was a hard, hungry look in her eyes.

I mailed a letter to Harry from Lawrence, and inclosed a ten-dollar bill, telling him to start for Boston by train as soon as that reached him, and come straight to my wharf.

He did it. He got his breakfast, and, without even stopping to get a shave, he took the train home, and turned up here about five o'clock.

I vow I didn't know the poor feller. Why, he'd been the slickest-looking of our set, and now I took him for a hobo, sure—the kind the twenty thousand out of work were thought to be made up of. I'm inclined to think he *was* the kind they were made up of, mostly, but still I'm not setting up to judge.

We went right to Lawrence, but the baby was dead before we got there. I can't talk much about that. You see, Harry and Jenny have been just like my own folks for years, and the baby was named after me.

Oh, yes! They're all right now. Harry's got a very good place in our office, and they've got another flat and another baby, and they even keep up their life insurance.

But it isn't the same flat, and it isn't the same baby; and sometimes I think it isn't the same Harry and Jenny, either.

The Harvester

By W. M. H.

Sweet Death, that linger'st in the field
  When reapers' songs are heard no more,
And will not let the smallest yield
  Of sweetness miss the season's store!

Dear Death, whose dim, mysterious hand
  Permits no meanest flower
To bloom alone when all the land
  Has rendered up its dower!

True Angel of God's wiser ways,
  True friend of all that strive:
Shall we shrink from thee when the days
  Of ripening suns arrive?

When flowers fall and fruit is borne,
  And trees are touch'd by wester'ng sun,
Shall we remain unplucked, forlorn,
  In fields all waste and dun?

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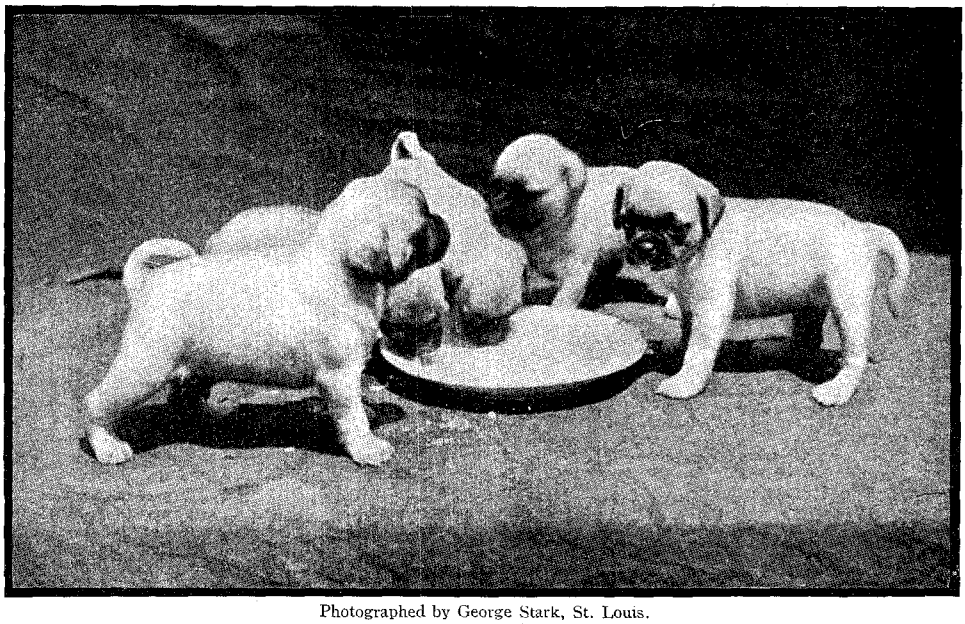
For the Little People



Photographed by George Stark, St. Louis.

A Journey in the Wild

It will never be known who was the leader, but there must have been one, for five cannot think of the same thing at the same minute. Besides, where several get into mischief there is always a leader; of that you may be sure.

These five had been admired, and had been told again and again how lovely and cute they were. Everything they had attempted to do some one had helped them to accomplish.

They were in the big box in the carriage-house. Their mother, Gipsey, had been gone—well, it was a century to those fat white pups, who had hardly been alone a moment since they knew anything. The family had gone for a drive, taking John, the coachman. Jim, the gardener, was transplanting the strawberries, a most absorbing employment. Gipsey, dear, faithful Gipsey, did not leave them until all were asleep.

Daisy woke up first, and scrambled to her feet. Probably that woke Bijou, Dash, Flipper, and Wrinkle, for they suddenly rose to their feet as if expecting something to happen. And it did. For a few minutes later all five of these small creatures were out of the barn and running across the orchard, and had wriggled through the fence into the poultry-yard. Daisy was leading them. No sooner did this procession get into the yard than such a cackling, quacking, gobbling, hissing as you never heard before began.

The procession was appalled. It could not get back through the fence without turning round, and that would mean losing sight of those terrible creatures who were massed in front of them.

"Oh!" whimpered Daisy. "Hush!" ordered Dash, in such a tone as added to the terrors of Flipper, whose tail was stiff with fright, and Wrinkle, whose back had several more of the ridges that gave him his name. How frightened he was! "What shall we do?" asked Bijou, in a voice he tried to make brave.

"Stand still," commanded Dash. Easier said than done; he was trembling with fear himself.

They faced these threatening, noisy ene-

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mies. Privately the enemies were greatly frightened themselves at this invasion by four-footed people.

The hissing, gobbling, quacking, cackling, increased in volume and terror.

Dash said something. Suddenly they all ran, Dash in the lead, for the opposite fence, and wriggled through into the open field on the other side. They did not look behind them; they did not listen, or they would have discovered that the noise had ceased, and that the feathered people were standing gazing at the place in the fence through which Dash, Bijou, Flipper, Wrinkle, and Daisy had disappeared. On and on they ran, until, looking back, Daisy missed Wrinkle. "Dear, dear!" she cried. This stopped the others. "Where, where! oh where is my darling Wrinkle?" He was nowhere in sight. Wrinkle was lost. This was the most terrible thing that had come to them. What would their mother say? Oh! could those terrible creatures have eaten him!

They turned back, Daisy leading them. On they walked, heads down, tails drooping. Could these be the frolicking puppies who made everybody laugh?

In a hollow out of which a big tree had been taken lay little Wrinkle, panting. He was not injured, but he could not get out. Daisy found him and gave a glad bark. How they jumped when they saw him! but they could not get him out. They hung over the edge, but they were helpless.

How hungry and tired they were! How they longed for their dear mother and home! At last, discouraged and hopeless, they lay round the edge of the big hole, looking at poor, tired Wrinkle.

Suddenly the four rose to their feet; their tails gave signs of life. They looked; all rushed to the far side of the hole, and then it did seem as if their tails would come off.

There were Ruth and Harry running over the field toward them. Coming more slowly, big brother George, the mamma who was so good to all of them, and the coachman.

"Here they are, the darlings!" said Ruth, who looked as if she had been crying. "Where is Wrinkle? Where is my own darling Wrinkle?" she asked, standing still with clasped hands.

George began to run, and nearly fell on top of Wrinkle. Down he jumped, caught the dog in his arms, and scrambled out to Ruth, putting Wrinkle in her arms.

Then another procession went across the field, George leading, with Daisy in his arms. She did not understand him, of course, when he said, "You won't play this trick again. We'll put wire on the fences."

Mamma carried Dash, who looked so meek that you would never dream he had given an order, or led his brothers and sister through the enemy's lines.

Gipsey lay on the floor while her children were eating their supper of bread and milk, standing round the big pan.

This is what she heard:

"I never want to go into the world." This was Daisy. The others said: "We will grow bigger, and go with mother." "I shall keep very close to her, very close," murmured Wrinkle, as she gave a sorrowful little sigh.

The Prairie-Dogs' Homes

The prairie-dog, as you know, is a queer little animal that makes its home in the ground, but near its neighbor. The habit of the prairie-dogs to keep together results in the making of villages known as prairie-dog villages. It is said that these little animals do this to protect themselves from enemies and against the weather. It was thought that every hole in the ground in these villages represented a home of prairie-dogs, but this is not so. When Mr. and Mrs. Prairie-Dog begin housekeeping, they select a place where there is a possibility of getting food close at hand. When the prairie grass near their home is eaten, they dig another hole about which the grass is plentiful; from this hole to their home they dig a tunnel. It is said that the prairie-dog is as helpless as a rabbit; it cannot defend itself from the other animals who hunt it for food. If it is eating at a distance from its home, it cannot escape its enemies if it has to keep above ground for any distance. By digging a tunnel from the feeding-ground to its home, it can dart into it and escape. The worst enemy of the prairie-dog family is the rattlesnake, which devours its young. The prairie-dog, when it discovers that a snake has entered its hole during its absence, gives a peculiar cry, and then all the dogs near respond and begin filling the hole, entombing the snake. It is said

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that the appearance of a snake always brings this cry from the dog who discovers it; the snakes will come out of any hole they have entered if a handful of dirt is thrown in the hole, for they know how the prairie-dog revenges itself, and they are on the alert to escape.

Who Was to Blame?

This is a book that belonged to our papa when he was a small boy. He lets us look at it sometimes, and tells us we must be careful and not tear it. When we were little he used to turn the pages for us, but now that we are big he lets us turn the pages alone; that is, we may take the book from the shelves and look at the pictures when we are alone. Papa made this book himself. His papa was in the navy, not in the war with Spain, but the Civil War, and papa cut the pictures from the picture papers and pasted them in this book. There are pictures of warships and soldiers and guns and camps. When this last war came, papa told Ned he would enjoy making a book of the pictures of this war, and Ned has. It is quite interesting to see how different everything is—the warships, the guns, and the battles.

Yesterday morning we woke up early. We have to keep quiet when we wake up, for papa says it's impolite to waken other people before it is time to get up. Ned and I got papa's book down to prove that a gun in one of the new magazines was just like one of the guns in the Civil War. We put the book on the table, and were turning the leaves, that is, Ned was, when I moved my elbow and put it on the corner of the page. I did not notice, neither did Ned. He turned the leaf and tore a corner, the corner under my elbow. We were greatly frightened, for we knew papa would be angry. Ned said he would tell papa he did it, but I say we did it. If I had looked where I put my elbow, it would not have happened. Ned says he should not have jerked the leaf. I think we did it, not Ned. What do you think?

The Queen in France

Queen Victoria was in France recently, and two incidents have been told that show the Queen's goodness and kindness of heart. She was driving when her carriage overtook a peasant's funeral. The poor people drew aside, but the Queen requested them to proceed, and her carriage drove for some distance behind the funeral procession. Another day a little child was passed in the road, who was crying. The Queen stopped, and gave the child a few small coins. He was so surprised that he stopped crying; doubtless he forgot the cause of his tears.

A Large Umbrella

If certain plans are carried out, an enormous umbrella, the largest ever made, will be seen in Paris next summer. The handle will be a hollow metal column, to which will be attached cafés, music-halls, and rooms to be used for different purposes. Above the cover it is proposed to build a cupola to be used as a restaurant. This restaurant will revolve slowly, so that the people, while eating there, may see the exhibition grounds. Elevators will carry the people to the different rooms under the umbrella, which is also designed to protect people from showers and from the sun, as it will spread over a great space.

Dropped in the Mail

One of the collectors of the New York Post-Office found, when he opened the mail-box, that everything in it was in motion. He began taking out the mail matter, when he was startled by a yelp, and in a moment a tiny pup poked his head through the parcels. He seemed delighted when he saw the man. When the collector picked him up, he found the pup was carefully tagged for a Western city, and on the tag was a two-cent stamp. The collector took the pup to the station to which he belonged. The little fellow was kept at the office, for there is no provision for sending dogs by mail.

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Books and Authors

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending April 21. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

BIOGRAPHY

The Outlook, in which Edward Everett Hale's *James Russell Lowell and His Friends* first appeared, naturally feels a special pleasure in seeing what so many of its readers found the most attractive feature of last year's Magazine Numbers, now printed in admirable and satisfying book form. The publishers have made of it a library model; type, size of page, printing, binding, cover-design, illustration, all are of the best. As to the work itself, our readers know that it carried out consistently and entertainingly the plan upon which it was written. Nothing was further from Dr. Hale's thoughts than to write a formal biography. The title tells the story. This book is good reading for those who care at all about its general subject precisely because it is informal, in a measure desultory, ready to stop consecutive narrative at any time to relate a characteristic anecdote or follow some enticing side-path. Dr. Hale knew Lowell and he knew many of Lowell's friends; he shows us the poet as he appeared to those who knew him best, and equally well he shows us the notable circle of people with whom Lowell was intimate. The chapter division, under such topics as "Literary Work in College," "Boston in the Forties," "Lowell as a Public Speaker," "As an Editor," "Politics and the War," "In Spain," "Minister to England," "Home Again," allows a freedom from chronological bonds while preserving reasonable consecutiveness. What Dr. Hale has to say in this book, like everything else he has to say, is interesting because he himself is interested. The volume is rich in anecdote, reminiscence, literary history. Its spirit is cheerful and optimistic. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

In the *Memoirs of Sergeant Bourgogne* we have the personal narrative of one of Napoleon's soldiers who fought at Jena, Eylau, Wagram, Lützen, and a dozen other battles, large and small. He died as late as 1867; in many ways he was a man of great force of character and individuality. His reminiscences of the disastrous Russian campaign are full of human interest—a pitiful story of suffering and endurance. The pictures of soldiers' life are throughout lively and readable. Not as a historical or military record, but as a narrative of personal experience, the book has distinct value. (Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

It is gratifying to Americans that their countryman, Mr. Samuel Harden Church, by a passage in his History of Oliver Cromwell, published in 1894, incited a movement in England which, after temporary defeat, succeeded this year, when Cromwell's bust was placed by Her Majesty's Government in the Palace of Westminster. Curiously enough, this "official acknowledgment of successful rebellion," as Mr. Church has termed it, took place on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the execution of Charles I., January 30, 1899. Mr. Church has fittingly observed the tercentenary year of Cromwell, who was born April 25, 1599, by a splendid commemoration edition of his work, *Oliver Cromwell: A History* (limited to six hundred copies), with eighteen illustrations in photogravure. It is much more than a biographical sketch, as many others are. It is an adequate story of Cromwell and of the events which conditioned his career, such as is not found outside of such general histories as Gardiner's. Even in such histories Cromwell's unique individuality is somewhat obscured in the crowd of other important characters. In Mr. Church's history it is drawn in striking contrast with that of his great adversary, Charles I. Mr. Church is not blind to the defects of the great Protector's colossal figure. But what even Liberals like Mr. John Morley and historians like Professor Gardiner have censured as cruelty in his slaughter of the garrisons (English more than Irish) of Drogheda and Wexford, is shown vindicable by such competent authority as the Duke of Wel-

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lington. Enigmatical as Cromwell has appeared in the mists of a revolutionary period in which liberal principles could prevail only through despotic measures, he is undeniably the one British ruler whose fame increases as the liberty and intelligence of the people grow. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Without doubt the men and women of the future will have a far greater degree of love for the State in which they live and pride in its character and history; they certainly will have more knowledge than the men and women of the present, because of the compact, concise, and intelligent treatment of the histories of the individual States now published for use in the schools. *Stories of the Old Bay State*, by Elbridge S. Brooks (American Book Company, New York), is an extremely happy example of what these books should be. The men and women who helped to make the State are prominent enough to fix in the mind the human element which makes history. The deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice for the individual, the community, the State, which this history records must give an ideal of citizenship to the boy of to-day.

From Cromwell to Wellington: Twelve Soldiers, edited by Spenser Wilkinson, with an introduction by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar, V.C., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., is not so formal and formidable a volume as the titles on the title-page might suggest. It is, indeed, a book by soldiers, about soldiers, and pre-eminently for soldiers, but it is written for civilians as well, and it is well written. However, in such chapters as those upon Cromwell and Clive the civilian reader will feel the absence of all reference to the careers of these men as statesmen, where their statesmanship did not show itself in the management of their campaigns. The chapter upon Cromwell commemorates the three hundredth anniversary of that hero's birth, in a spirit far more generous and fitting than that which seems to have pervaded the greater part of what calls itself English society, during the past fortnight. The editor closes his chapter upon the leader of the "russet-coated captains" who knew what they fought for, and loved what they knew, with this quotation from Thurloe: "A larger soul, I think, hath seldom dwelt in a house of clay than his was." The volume, as a whole, is the military history of the making of Greater Britain, and as such will have a peculiar interest to American expansionists. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

POETRY AND THE DRAMA

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's pastoral *Pan and the Young Shepherd* is even more distinctively and richly imaginative than his "Forest Lovers." It is a bit of bold fantasy, veined with passion, lightened by the humors of rusticity. It will puzzle some readers, and will seem to some to pass the line of modern taste in dealing with the love of man and woman. But it has in it poetry and dramatic energy, and its burden is the power of love, truth, and constancy. (John Lane, New York.)

The memorial edition of the *Poems of Henry Timrod* comes at an opportune time, and is, in a way, an act of reparation for the neglect of a poet who fell upon unfortunate times. The storm of the Civil War overwhelmed the voice of Timrod, as it drowned so many other gentle and spiritual voices in its vast tumult, but the singing gift which Timrod had in quality so fine was not destined to be neglected. The work of his brief life is now accessible to all lovers of American poetry, and his reputation is certain to rest hereafter upon a broader base; for, while his range was not great, his art was quite perfect within that range. He had the lyric gift in its purest and most melodious form, and he has written songs which are likely to last long; they breathe a music which is born in the soul—a music at once tender, sincere, and appealing. Some of his best songs were inspired by his ardent love of his own State, and his devotion to the cause which it espoused a generation ago. He will remain in our literature the poet of the Lost Cause. The volume is simply and tastefully made, and bears the imprint of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston).

The same publishers have laid the students and lovers of Milton under obligation by adding to their admirable one-volume Cambridge edition *The Complete Poetical Works of John Milton*, containing the text of the edition of 1645, that of 1667 for "Paradise Lost," that of 1671 for "Paradise Regained" and "Samson

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Agonistes." Prose translations of the Latin poems are presented. The introductions and head-notes contain much of the information which is usually packed away in notes, and the frontispiece reproduces the Onslow portrait of the poet. The volume contains the entire body of Milton's verse, printed from clear type in double columns, and is completely furnished with the carefully prepared introductions, notes, appendix, illustrations, and index which have given the Cambridge edition such importance among students and have made it so valuable.

After long waiting, Edward Fitzgerald's translation of the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* appears in the Golden Treasury Series, with the imprint of the Macmillan Company (New York), with the introduction, notes, the first edition of the translation, variations between the second, third, and fourth editions, stanzas which appear in the second edition only, and a comparative table of stanzas in the four editions.

Mr. Arthur Vincent has edited the *Poems of Thomas Carew* for the Muses Library. A recent English reviewer has characterized Carew as "cut out of a corner of Donne, but, unfortunately, it is the wrong corner;" for while Donne had his higher inspirations, and was lifted at times above his weaknesses, Carew's work is vitiated by the passion for artificial conceits, the love of paradox, and the license of taste which were the vices of his time. It must be immediately added, however, that this accomplished court poet was a most delicate and finished workman; like his contemporary Waller, a genuine, conscientious artist. He made a lasting contribution to our lyric poetry. Mr. Vincent has given Carew's text the benefit of all necessary introduction and annotation. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

HISTORY

Mr. Charles Morris's *Our Island Empire* (a title which many readers will hardly consider justified by present conditions) aims to present in comprehensive but moderately compact form the essential facts about Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines—their geography, commerce, natural and industrial products, peoples, races, and peculiarities. Mr. Morris avoids a dry-as-dust method, pays liberal attention to the picturesque and odd, has an excellent sense of proportion, and, in short, has made his book readable as well as valuable for reference. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

From Mr. Kipling and Mrs. Steele we have of late years found out something of what a marvelous store of romance-material exists in the Indian Empire, and most richly in the hill country on its frontiers. *On the Edge of Empire*, by Edgar Jepson and Captain D. Eames, widely enlarges our knowledge in this field. Here are some threescore or so of brief sketches—stories only in the slightest way—dealing with Sikhs, Pathans, Waziris, Afridis, and the other fierce races who fight with the British or against them. Largely the sketches are of native soldiers, but in one way and another they include an immense amount of information about tribal and race matters, superstitions, jealousies, feuds, wild customs, and other strange things to be found on the outskirts of civilization. The narrative and dramatic interest is strong. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Another book upon the Spanish war, *History Up to Date*, by William A. Johnston, has the merit of conciseness in a narrative that includes all the main facts down to the Treaty of Paris, together with a brief retrospect of the causes of the war. Of criticism upon our conduct of operations there is none. We notice that the recess-for-breakfast fable has been uncritically admitted into the story of the battle of Manila Bay. (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.)

Another volume in the popular and instructive series, "The Story of the Nations," is *Austria*, by Sidney Whitman, with the collaboration of J. R. McIlraith (illustrated). The subject, however, is not the incoherent nationalities that for the present are held together as the Austro-Hungarian Empire by the commanding and beloved personality of Francis Joseph, but Austria Proper, the ancestral domains of the imperial house of Hapsburg, predominantly German in race, character, and civilization. Mr. Whitman accordingly relates the history of Austria as connected with its reigning family. It is a singular fact which he notes, "that no consecutive history of Austria such as this is exists in any language." In an earlier work, "The

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Realm of the Habsburgs" (*sic*), he has treated Austria from the political student's point of view. In the present work the needs of the general reader are well met by a succinct and simple narrative. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

In *The Story of Our War with Spain* Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks has succeeded in his endeavor to give "a bird's-eye view of the war from the insistent causes to the final triumphal close." The story is told simply and without much detail, but in an interesting and comprehensive manner. The book is well illustrated with photographs and drawings by Mr. Chase Emerson. It is particularly adapted for young readers. (The Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.)

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

The Rev. W. R. Huntington's *The Church Idea: An Essay towards Unity*, has passed into the fourth edition, and deserves the wide reading and careful attention which it is securing from Christians of all shades of belief and ecclesiastical connection. Whether the reader agrees or not with Dr. Huntington's views, he cannot fail to be made more deeply conscious, after reading this book, of the waste of every kind involved in sectarianism; nor can he fail to get a fresh impression of the depth and reality of the instinct which is steadily making towards unity. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The personal experience of a man of God, realizing the things of the Spirit and the life in Christ, is reflected in the pages of *Our Daily Homily*, by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London. A set of five small volumes is thus entitled, each page of which offers for use in private devotion or family worship a brief meditation upon a passage of Holy Scripture. Even the ceremonial and sanitary regulations of Leviticus are made to yield spiritual lessons. Though the allegorizing vein is sometimes overworked, these homilies are in general to be reckoned among the best things from their author's prolific pen. (The F. H. Revell Company, New York.)

NOVELS AND TALES

A response, and also a stimulant, to the new interest that now invests Malaysia is given by our Consul-General at Hong-Kong, Mr. Rounsevelle Wildman, in his *Tales of the Malayan Coast, from Penang to the Philippines* (illustrated by Harry Sandham). In these short stories a facile pen tells of war and love, of travel and hunting, of commerce and piracy, of Oriental barbarism and the splendid English civilization installed beside it. Mr. Wildman's nine years of residence and varied experience in Malaysia are here turned to practical account in his portraiture of the character of the strange race, a branch of which we have taken up as "the white man's burden." (The Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.)

The Ladder of Fortune, by Frances Courtenay Baylor, is a study of a phase of social life in America. If there is any phase of life that can make an American blush for his nationality, it is the phase presented here. A boy who runs away from an orphan asylum established in the Far West determines in his first conscious days to be rich. He knows nothing of any world but that of speculation, where his genius makes him a leader. A shrewd, handsome woman comes as a milliner to the mushroom town in which this man has his "orfus." She marries him for his money. Their life begins in the vulgar surroundings of the local hotel, where she finds her only society. A woman of refinement traveling with her husband opens the wife's eyes to a world beyond that she has known. She, too, becomes ambitious; she determines to be a social leader. Husband and wife succeed in achieving their desires. The woman finds pleasure, for she has no heart. The man finds only bitterness and defeat in all that makes life worth living. As a study of one phase of life in a new country, "The Ladder of Fortune" is a disagreeably truthful piece of work. The one ray of light in it is the little love story of "Polly" and the artist. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Mr. J. Christian Bay has translated from various Danish writers a collection of popular stories and fairy tales, under the title of *Danish Fairy and Folk Tales*. These stories, like all others of their class, being drawn substantially from the great Indo-European storehouse, present few novelties of invention, but, in their form and spirit, interpret and illustrate the Danish habit of thought, by bringing into clear relief popular faiths, ideals, and

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aspirations. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

MISCELLANEOUS

The publication of Volume XIII. of the works of Thackeray, containing the *Ballads and Miscellanies*, completes the Biographical Edition—in many respects the most important edition of Thackeray which has ever been published, containing as it does the introductions by Mrs. Ritchie, and the illustrations of Thackeray, Cruikshank, and John Leech. The value of the edition is further increased by the republication in this volume of the Life of Thackeray by his son-in-law, Leslie Stephen, which first appeared in "The Dictionary of National Biography." The edition will be made a subject of more extended comment at an early date. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Whatever element of cruelty there may be in descriptions of the hunt must be forgiven Hamblen Sears for the charming atmosphere in "Henry's Ducks," in *Fur and Feather Tales*. His exquisite description of a drive through a Cape Cod woods, a sunrise on the pond, his appreciation of the intelligence of the duck, awakens not only interest but delight, and one forgets and forgives the guns, the powder, and the dead ducks on the pond in the morning light, the deceit of "Henry" and the author. "Henry" is a character, and Mr. Sears shows himself more than a landscape artist in his delineation of this New England type. This quality shows itself also in the description of "William" in "William's Moose." The description of the hunts in France and in Norway, while vivid, and filled with what the artists call atmosphere, lacks the qualities of love and sympathy which make the other two tales in the book delightful and stirring to the blood of the sportsman. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

No book of its class published recently surpasses in interest and beauty *A Guide to the Wild Flowers*, by Alice Lounsberry, illustrated by Mrs. Ellis Rowan. The reader or student who uses this book will agree with Dr. N. L. Britton, who contributes the introduction, that "our thanks are due Miss Lounsberry and Mrs. Rowan for having contributed a work which cannot fail to advance nature study in quite the way it should be advanced." The plants are classified according to the soil which they prefer as a home; they are surrounded by their friends, the environment they choose. The family idea of plant life is beautifully presented, and cannot fail to arouse a sentiment of love, a desire to protect the members of a family who so naturally choose to live in their own groups. There are sixty-four colored plates and one hundred drawings; some of the color work is exquisite. (The F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

A new book by Mr. W. O. Stoddard is always welcomed by boys and girls. In *The Despatch Boat of the Whistle* he has woven many of the incidents of the campaign in and about Cuba into a capital story. A hustling newspaper reporter, a fiery Cuban patriot, and the fair daughter of a Cuban officer are the principal characters. All of the incidents are taken from actual occurrences, and the book is instructive as well as interesting. (The Lothrop Company, Boston.)

The author of "Through the Storm," Avetis Nazarbek, has well called his book *Pictures of Life in Armenia*. He presents the miseries of that unhappy land so vividly as to make the reader hear the moans, the cries of agony, of the victims of torture and abuse by the Turkish officials. The "preparatory note," by F. York Powell, of Oxford, is a concise history of the Armenians, and the growth of the political party who are the revolutionists aiming to gain the freedom of Armenia from Turkish misrule. The author is the editor of the "Huntchak," the official organ of the revolutionists. He states in his introduction that his book is based on actual facts, names only being suppressed. The book is translated from the French by Mrs. L. M. Elton. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

The United States of Europe on the Eve of the Parliament of Peace, by W. T. Stead, is, as the author says, a collection of instantaneous photographs of conditions in every part of Europe taken during visits occupying nearly three months of the present year. The photographer has perhaps the keenest eye for significant situations of any one of his class in Europe, and he had the credentials that enabled him to go where the significant situations were to be seen. The chapter upon the work of Robert College and the American missionary in the Orient seems to us

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to have more than a temporary value. It certainly is adapted to rekindle enthusiasm, not only for missions, but for the greatness of the international rôle which America has performed in the Orient. (Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

The large literature relating to *English Cathedrals* receives a fresh addition in a volume from the hand of Francis Bond, with a hundred and eighty illustrations from photographs, the author's intention being, as he tells us frankly, to make the study of English cathedrals more interesting, by treating them chronologically; that is to say, giving the history of each cathedral from the beginning to the present time. This affords an opportunity of describing the original architecture, the various modifications or additions which have been made, and of associating the cathedrals with interesting men or with significant events. The value of such a treatment will be recognized at once by all who have attempted to make a study of the cathedrals. This volume is of convenient size and is thoroughly illustrated. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

Modern methods of teaching and learning are admirably exemplified in *Nature Study for Grammar Grades*, by Mr. Wilbur S. Jackson, of the Chicago Normal School. To guide and facilitate the observation and experiment by which alone the study of nature is seriously rather than skimmingly carried on, this manual for teachers and pupils below the high-school grade contains some forty chapters of suggestions and directions, queries and problems, covering a large part of the field of science. Like a bill of fare, it is for selective use. Many who have outlived school days can use it to advantage. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Through Boyhood to Manhood: A Plea for Ideals, by Ennis Richmond, deals with the moral problems of English schoolboys and schools. To a large extent these are the problems of boarding-schools for boys in this country. The subject which receives the amplest treatment is purity. Mr. Richmond understands boys, at least British boys, and his earnest and judicious handling of his topics possesses interest alike for parents and teachers. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

Books Received

For the Week ending April 28

AMERICAN UNION LEAGUE SOCIETY, NEW YORK

King, James M. Facing the Twentieth Century. Sold by subscription only. $2.75.

THE BIBLE INSTITUTE COLPORTAGE ASSOC., CHICAGO

The New Testament (Marked).

THE CHURCH PRESS, CHICAGO

Sheldon, Charles M. The Miracle at Markham. 75 cts.

GEORGE H. ELLIS, BOSTON

Proceedings of the National Conference of Charities and Correction. Edited by Isabel C. Barrows.

FREE LIBRARY OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE, PHILADELPHIA

Marot, Helen. A Handbook of Labor Literature. $1.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK

James, William. Talks to Teachers on Psychology. $1.50.

JOHN LANE, NEW YORK

Money-Coutts, F. B. The Alhambra and Other Poems. $1.25.

Le Gallienne, Richard. Young Lives. $1.50.

Legge, Arthur E. J. Mutineers. $1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Ward, Mrs. Wilfrid. One Poor Scruple.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Garland, Hamlin. Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. $1.50.

Donnelly, Joseph Gordon. Jesus Delaney. $1.50.

Roosa, D. B. St. John, M.D. Defective Eyesight. $1.

Goldsmith, Oliver. The Vicar of Wakefield. Edited by Henry W. Boynton. 25 cts.

Fortier, Alcée. L'Histoire de France. 75 cts.

White, Marcus. Collection of Poetry for School Reading. 50 cts.

W. F. MANSFIELD & A. WESSELS, NEW YORK

Parker, W. B. The Religion of Mr. Kipling. 50 cts.

JAMES POTT & CO., NEW YORK

Batten, Rev. L. W. The Old Testament from the Modern Point of View.

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION AND SABBATH-SCHOOL WORK, PHILADELPHIA

Foster, Frank Hugh. Fundamental Ideas of the Roman Catholic Church.

Kellogg, Rev. S. H., D.D. A Handbook of Comparative Religion.

Martin, George Howard. Sunday Songs for Little Children.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Mackie, Rev. G. M. Bible Manners and Customs. $1.

Root, Edward Tallmadge. "The Profit of the Many." $1.25.

Guinness, Lucy E. Across India at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century. $1.50.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Mahaffy, J. P. A History of Egypt: The Ptolemaic Dynasty. Vol. IV. $2.25.

Milne, J. Grafton. A History of Egypt: Roman Rule. Vol. V. $2.25.

Tiele, C. P. Elements of the Science of Religion. Vol. II. $2.

Loria, Achille. The Economic Foundations of Society. Translated by Lindley M. Keasbey. $1.25.

Milligan, George. The Theology of the Epistle to the Hebrews. $2.25.

Carew, Thomas. The Poems of. Edited by Arthur Vincent. $1.75.

Dickens, Charles. Reprinted Pieces, Sunday under Three Heads, etc. $1.50. Introduction and Notes by Andrew Lang.

Macpherson, Hector C. Adam Smith. 75 cts. (Famous Scots Series.)

Scott, Sir Walter. Red Gauntlet. Two Vols. $1.60. St. Ronan's Well. Two Vols. $1.60.

Brontë, Charlotte. Shirley. Two Vols. $2

Carlyle, Thomas. Wilhelm Meister. Translated from the German of Goethe. Two Vols. Per vol., $1.25.

Baedeker, Karl. The United States, with an Excursion into Mexico. $3.60.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, NEW YORK

Cantwell, Fredericka Spangler. The High Commission.

Vance, Wilson. God's War. $1.

THE BUSINESS PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Hardcastle, Joseph. Partnership. 25 cts.

Craig, A. T. Bookkeeping Frauds, and Methods for their Detection. 25 cts.

Cannon, James G. Successful Methods in Business. 25 cts.

R. F. FENNO & CO., NEW YORK

Abrojal, Tulis. An Index Finger. $1.25.

Prescott, E. Livingston. The Measure of a Man. $1.25.

PRESS OF JOHN D. MORTON & CO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

Smith, D. T., M.D. The Philosophy of Memory.

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The Religious World

Protests Against Professor Briggs

The Rev. F. M. Clendenin, D.D., rector of St. Peter's Church, West Chester, has made a protest to Bishop Potter against the ordination of the Rev. Charles A. Briggs, D.D., as a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church. It had been arranged that Dr. Briggs should be ordained in the church at West Chester, on the 14th of May. Professor Briggs had already been ordained as a deacon. The reasons for the protest are found in the latest book of Professor Briggs. We have read with much care the letter of Dr. Clendenin, and are compelled to say that it seems to be the result of a serious misconception of the teaching of Professor Briggs. He insists that Dr. Briggs makes our present Bible but a faint reflection of one which has been lost, but which may sometime be restored; that when he speaks of our Lord's use of "imagination," he is discrediting the authority of Christ; that when he refers to "works of fiction" in the Old Testament, he is using the word in other than its literary sense. He is dissatisfied also with the teaching of Professor Briggs concerning the Church, and insists that he is wrong in intimating that "the Church needs a greater reformation than it has ever yet enjoyed." The protest is published in full in the daily press of April 27. Its animus is not difficult to find. Its author is evidently a pronounced High Churchman. This is the way he speaks of Luther and Calvin: "Luther, who broke his own vows and led a woman to break her vows, who then threw truth and morality to the winds, and cast, with scorn, St. James from the canon of Scripture for teaching the necessity of good works and of good life; Calvin, the author of the monstrous misconception and heresy which bears his name—these are the kind of men Dr. Briggs holds are coming to prepare the bride for the bridegroom." The situation is extremely amusing. While he was in the Presbyterian Church Professor Briggs was criticised for disloyalty to its standards, of which Calvinism is the distinctive note—in other words, because he was not Calvinistic enough; and now that he proposes to be an Episcopalian, he is greeted with a broadside because of his veneration for Luther and Calvin. The author of this letter probably has many sympathizers in the Episcopal Church, but unless its claim of comprehensiveness is abandoned, the letter will probably have no effect other than to change the place of the ordination. That this will be the result is already assured, because on reading the protest of Dr. Clendenin, the Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D., rector of Grace Church in New York, immediately offered that church for the service of ordination, in a letter in which he speaks of Dr. Briggs as an evangelical scholar and Christian of whom any Church might be proud. There is in the Episcopalian communion of the United States no more eminent minister than Dr. Huntington. He has several times declined the office of bishop, and has long been regarded as perhaps the ablest representative of the most scholarly and at the same time aggressive Christian life of his denomination. The final disposal of the case rests with Bishop Potter. Another singular feature of this case is the fact that what is known as the higher criticism has found many of its foremost exponents in England not only among Broad or Low Churchmen like Canons Cheney and Driver, but among High Churchmen of the type of Canon Gore.

Alexander H. Clapp

In the death of the Rev. Alexander H. Clapp, D.D., the Congregational churches of the United States have lost one of their noblest and best-beloved ministers, the Congregational Home Missionary Society one of its wisest administrators, and a large circle of people in New York one of the most genial, delightful, and faithful of friends. Dr. Clapp was a graduate of Yale College and of Yale and Andover Theological Seminaries. He had held pastorates in the Center Church, Brattleboro', Vt., and in the Beneficent Church of Providence, R. I. For about thirty-five years he had been connected with the Congregational Home Missionary Society, first as secretary, then as treasurer, then as

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editor. For many years he was the New York editor of the "Congregationalist," and his letters signed "Huntington" were a feature of that paper. He was a member of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, and one of the most honored members of the Congregational Club of New York. The funeral services were at the Broadway Tabernacle on Saturday, April 29. They were conducted by the pastor, Dr. Jefferson, and fitting and beautiful eulogies were pronounced by the Rev. J. B. Clark, D.D., Secretary of the Home Missionary Society, and by the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D., a friend of fifty-five years. Few men have ever had warmer friends than Dr. Clapp, and few have been as friendly as he. All over the country are those who had learned to love his name and who will never cease to revere his memory.

Bishop Watterson's Death

The recent sudden death, in the prime of life, of the Rt. Rev. John Ambrose Watterson, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Columbus, O., deprives the cause of temperance of a powerful exponent and valiant champion. Bishop Watterson was one of the most brilliant men in the Roman Catholic episcopacy. Never, perhaps, was there a more spontaneous and well-nigh unanimous testimony of men of all classes and creeds to the exemplary life and Christian character of an individual than that which the death of Bishop Watterson evoked in Columbus. Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and others drafted resolutions testifying to his "gifts and noble citizenship," and stating that in him "Christianity has lost a leader—a faithful minister of Christ." "The change of sentiment which such words indicate," said the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, pastor of the First Congregational Church, in a tribute to his friend Bishop Watterson, delivered at the regular Sunday evening service, "is one of the most remarkable I have ever witnessed. None of you can forget that it is only four or five years ago that this country was under the domination of organized forces (the A. P. A.) whose teaching it was that all Roman Catholics are the enemies of Christ and of their country. It was largely the Christian patience and gentleness of Bishop Watterson that averted trouble in those trying times, and I cannot but hope that the good bishop in his death may thus render to our common Christianity a service even greater than he ever rendered in his lifetime." A ripe scholar, a polished, forceful speaker, a man of singular gentleness and sweetness of speech and manner, Bishop Watterson was a consistent and thoroughgoing American Catholic. By precept and personal example he opposed the liquor traffic. His drastic temperance decree to the clergy of his diocese, in Lent, 1894, it will be recalled, arrested National attention. In that famous letter Bishop Watterson withdrew his approbation from all Catholic societies officered by saloon-keepers and urged all members of such organizations who were engaged in the liquor traffic to get out of it as quickly as possible. The decree met with bitter opposition, especially from the German element, who sent a protest to Monsignor Satolli. The Apostolic Delegate sustained Bishop Watterson and advised the complainants to conform to the decree, which was in perfect harmony with the sentiments of the Council of Baltimore. The moral effect of Bishop Watterson's stand on the temperance question has been throughout Catholic America most salutary. In his own diocese there are at present some two hundred church societies. Not one of these societies, except a German organization always opposed to the Bishop, is now officered by a saloon-keeper or has in its membership a man known to be engaged in the liquor traffic.

Christian Unity at Montreal

A remarkable gathering was held in Montreal last week, where eighty-four ministers, representing the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, and Baptist denominations, made manifest their common faith around a dinner-table where unbroken Christian fellowship was enjoyed. Bishop Bond, of Montreal, presided, and gave as the motto for the evening, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all, who is above all, through all, and in you all." The united effort which the Bishop specially emphasized was in sending the Gospel to foreign lands, Sunday observance, and temperance activity. Rev. Theodore Lafleur, D.D., represented the

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French Protestants of the city, and as a French Baptist spoke of the beauty and usefulness of diversity; which, however, should be made to contribute to the one great end. The Rev. John Campbell, D.D., in speaking for the Presbyterians, recounted the wonderful change in the attitude of the churches toward one another during his thirty years' residence in Montreal. Principal Shaw, D.D., of the Methodist College, likened the gathering to the primitive and Apostolic agape or love feast, and at the conclusion moved a resolution of appreciation to Sir William Dawson, who, as Principal of McGill University and a world-wide champion of the Christian faith, had become their common property. The Rev. J. H. George, D.D., Principal of the Congregational College, proposed united action by the four theological colleges in founding a common preparatory school as well as a post-graduate course of study. The English Baptists were represented by the Rev. Donald Grant in a carefully prepared speech, which dealt specially with the work which his own denomination was doing in the world. Dean Carmichael spoke for the Episcopalians, and referred to a meeting in Toronto years ago when representatives of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches gathered for a like purpose. Such a meeting, he said, had not been held since the Hampton Court Convention in 1604. Very emphatically did the speaker assert his belief in the coming union of the Churches. The Rev. Dr. Williams, in a brief concluding address, suggested a church parliament, and future gatherings of a like character, all of which would materially promote the cause of union.

Dr. Connell Declines

After waiting for several months in order to extend a call to the Rev. Alexander Connell, of London, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City has been disappointed with a declination from the London minister. For some time rumors were in the air that this would be the outcome, but the people have been loth to believe that they would fail in their efforts. A committee was sent across the ocean to present the call in person. A telegram was received from the committee on Sunday, April 23, announcing that the call had been declined, and that the formal declination would be sent later. Various reasons are given for the unfavorable action of Dr. Connell. It is said that he could not honorably accept at present, in view of the fact that he had been absent from his church for nearly a year, that he was under obligation to his own church and to the denomination in England. It is even intimated that he may be willing to accept later, and that the church will make no efforts to secure a pastor until it is surer that the declination is final.

The Gould Memorial Home

The Gould Memorial Home and Industrial School are located in Rome, and were founded by an American. Mrs. Emily Bliss Gould, the daughter of Dr. James C. Bliss, of New York, and wife of Dr. James B. Gould, physician to the American Embassy in Rome, started this work in 1871. She died in 1875, worn out by overwork in behalf of the destitute children of Italy. After her death a large committee took up the work as a memorial to its founder. At his death Dr. Gould gave a large sum to perpetuate the beautiful ministry which was started by his wife. A society was incorporated according to the laws of the State of New York, the object of which is stated in these words: "The object of said society shall be the maintaining of an evangelical, non-sectarian school in the city of Rome, in the Kingdom of Italy, to be called the Gould Memorial Home." The school supports about forty destitute children, training them to various industries, giving them occasional outings by the sea, and trying to do for them what similar institutions do in this country. It looks chiefly to Americans for support. It was the first Protestant charity to gain admittance into the city of Rome.

For the Family

Our paragraph on page 902 in our issue of April 22, reporting the good work of the League for the Protection of the Family, requires a supplement. Public attention has been somewhat withdrawn by the special demands of the year of war from such interests as that of the Family, and attention needs to be recalled to what is fundamental to every religious and social interest. At present, not only

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is the League's treasury empty and its means for forward movements wanting, but it is at present in debt to its efficient Secretary, Dr. Dike, for more than half of his modest salary for the past year. The Treasurer, Mr. William G. Benedict, 610 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, will welcome contributions.

Correspondence

Negro Disenfranchisement

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I object to "negro disenfranchisement" because it is bound to put the negro in the lead. Your editorials do us much good, but there is a still stronger point to emphasize. Every boy in the land wants to vote, black or white; this is true. If the black boy can vote only by securing an education, he will get that education, you may rest assured of that. If the white boy can vote by simply being a child or a grandchild of a citizen of the United States in 1867 or 1868, he won't worry much about education, and you may rest assured of that.

In Louisiana, where white supremacy is greatest, or where, perhaps, the negro is the most thoroughly disenfranchised, the percentage of illiteracy is the greatest in the United States, being 48.8 per cent. In South Carolina, where the negro is but little better off, the percentage is 45 per cent. In North Carolina it is 35.7 per cent., and in Alabama 41 per cent. Illiteracy runs high and education runs low. Now, shall we, as whites, just because we can, put the negro boy on a pedestal and cover him with the light of learning, and put our own white boys in a pit and bury them with ignorance? I object. If there is any stimulus to be gotten for the cause of education from the fact that a man must have the rudiments of an education before he can vote, then, I say, let us give it to our white boys. At least, let us deal with them as fairly as with the black boys. I am engaged in the education of white boys and girls in the South. Their salvation cannot come through political efforts. The problem is a deeper one. It is education, and that alone, that will save us. We have already had too much of the politician and the demagogue. Shall we emancipate the negro from the thralldom of ignorance by making for him an educational standard in the matter of franchise, and continue to enslave our children and our children's children by making for them no educational standard whatever?

LYMAN WARD.

Southern Industrial College,
Camp Hill, Alabama.

Utah

To the Editors of The Outlook:

While the country has its eyes turned toward Utah and is discussing the seating or unseating of the polygamist, Mr. B. H. Roberts, we wish through your columns to call attention also to the work of the schools and churches which Christian people have established, or are trying to establish, here, and upon which the future of Utah largely depends. What has made present conditions in Utah possible is the fact that for thirty years—from '47–'77—the Mormon leaders did what was right in their own eyes, without let or hindrance. They were separated from the influences of civilization; there were no missionaries among them; there was no government restraint. To one familiar with the history of those years the marvel is that there is in Utah to-day so much that is good and so many signs of promise. We believe that no small part of the change which has taken place during the past twenty years is due to the earnest efforts of the churches and the sacrificing labors of the teachers and missionaries who have been on the Utah field. It was the Christian schools founded by the various churches in almost every village and hamlet in the territory that in 1890 brought in the public-school system and has since given us what, until our recent election, we were pleased to call New Utah.

Whatever Congress may see fit to do with Mr. Roberts—and we feel confident that nothing could do so much to utterly extinguish polygamy as to return him to Utah with some wise counsel—these institutions which have and are breathing new and better life into the State ought to receive the most hearty support of all Christian and patriotic people. So much

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the more should this be true since the Gentile element from which we can look for local support is hardly one in five of the population.

We hope that one of the results of this undesirable notoriety which Utah has called upon herself will be the more generous support of these Christian institutions. In addition to the mission churches which cannot be self-supporting for some time to come, we need in Utah several well-equipped Christian academies, and at least one Christian college, well equipped and centrally located. We have the beginnings of these institutions. Under great financial discouragements they are doing, as best they can, the work Providence has placed before them. Who, at this acceptable time, will come forward and equip and endow these schools?

A. S. HUNT.

Salt Lake College, Salt Lake City, Utah.

"Give God a Chance"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Dr. Abbott, in his sermon published in The Outlook of February 25, "A History of Prayer," says: "Prayer is not always asking for things—it is sometimes listening." I understand this to mean listening for God's voice—giving God a chance to speak to us. My thought reverts to the prayer-meeting, where, if anywhere, we may surely expect to meet our Father, for is it not promised that "where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in their midst"?

The meeting is opened with a song or two; the pastor or leader follows with Scripture reading and prayer and perhaps some remarks; then the meeting is "thrown open" and "all are requested to take part." Sometimes the request meets with a ready response. Something in the lesson or remarks has started a train of thought which passes from one to another until it becomes evident that an effect has been produced.

The time has come for man to keep silent. Hush! The still small voice is heard. Now is God's chance. Just a few moments of silent, earnest listening and the Spirit will have come to each waiting heart.

But no—this would be an "awkward pause." To avoid it the leader calls out, "Let us sing No. 257," and the still small voice is silenced. You hear one say at the close, "We had a good meeting," and "How prompt the responses," and "No embarrassing pauses." Yes, very true; and God had no chance.

Not once, but many, many times, have I witnessed and participated in just such a meeting. There are times when silence is golden because it gives God a chance.

A LISTENER.

A Voice from the Pacific

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Judging from local experience, Arthur Reed Kimball's letter in your issue of March 18, and the editorial comment upon it, are hardly fair to Secretary Bliss. Whatever may have been the general attitude of the present Administration in Indian affairs, it has been remarkably thoughtful of Indian interests upon the Pacific coast. At no time have our Indians been as fairly treated as in the last two or three years, and Secretary Bliss in particular has been particularly active in securing just treatment for them. Notably in the case of the Metlakahtla Mission he was unwearied in his efforts. He gave his personal attention to the matter, and it was due largely to his influence and that of the President that Mr. Duncan was able to keep his island and maintain his mission against the fierce attacks of influential speculators. To safeguard the interests of the Indian and at the same time do justice to the pioneer has always been a difficult task, and it has never been better performed upon this coast than by Secretary Bliss and President McKinley.

THOMAS N. STRONG.

Portland, Ore.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

In Christ's reply to Peter the day before his crucifixion, "Ye are clean, but not all," with reference to Judas who should betray him, did he mean to say that Judas had never been truly converted, or that, having been converted, he had apostatized?

W. A. F.

The context, "He that is bathed," etc. (John xiii., 10, Revised Version), seems

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to imply, in connection with the words you quote, that Judas had not been "bathed," *i. e.*, had never truly entered into the Christian life.

1. God breathed into that lump of clay the breath of life; it became a living soul. Is the body, then, the soul? What commits the sin? The breath of God cannot sin. Can the body that the breath gives life to? 2. Jesus said, "I go to prepare a place for you." Was there no place for those who died before Christ came? 3. As heaven has no locality, what does the word place mean?

A. J. D.

1. This is a poetical recognition of the truth that man is a composite being, partly spiritual, partly sensuous and animal. The seat of sin is in the spirit, moral disorder in the moral nature. 2. Doubtless there was. It would be highly arbitrary to assume that Christ or any speaker denies whatever he omits to mention. 3. How do you know that heaven has no locality? Heaven is defined in the context (John xiv., 3), and also by Paul (Philippians i., 23), as a society, a being with Christ. Of course, this is somewhere. Heaven is wherever Christ and the Christly are.

The lines:

"They that in private, by themselves alone
Do pray, may take
What liberty they please
In choosing of the ways
Wherein to make
Their soul's most intimate affections known,"

I have supposed were written by George Herbert, born in 1593; but in a book "Our Mother Church," I find them attributed to Christopher Harvie, 1640. Can any one tell me which is correct?

B. B. C.

1. You say that the discrepancies between the incidents recorded of St. John's Mary of Bethany and St. Luke's "woman which was a sinner" are "far too marked and numerous to permit any identification of the two." For the benefit of one who inclines to hold the identity, will you kindly state the discrepancies? 2. Are you familiar with the testimony upon this point of John Bunyan in his "Jerusalem Sinner Saved," taken, he says, from an ancient authority? 3. Is there a first-class circulating library in New York where persons residing outside the city can obtain the best books at a moderate subscription rate?

G. C.

1. In the one case Jesus is with intimate friends (John xii., 1, 2), in the other his host is an unsympathetic Pharisee (Luke vii., 39, 44–46) and the guests are offended at him (vii., 49). In the first case is Mary already a near friend and disciple, in the other the unnamed woman is notoriously "a sinner" in the act of repentance and the first experience of forgiveness. In the first Jesus recognizes the act as a prelude to his burial, in the other as expressive of the newborn love of a contrite spirit. This diversity of situations and motives quite outweighs the coincidences that in each case there was a woman with an alabaster box of ointment, and a host with the very common name of Simon. 2. No. 3. Address the Mercantile Library, Astor Place, New York.

1. What is the best dictionary? 2. What books (if one could have only a dozen or so), named in the order of their importance, are best to help a clergyman, who has some knowledge of both Hebrew and Greek, to understand the meaning of the Bible. 3. What books would you most recommend to equip a clergyman for practical talks of warning, counsel, and evangelism to men alone? 4. Is any work on Systematic Theology pre-eminently better than others?

W. G. B.

1. This depends on the user, his needs, and his purse. Thus distinguished, there are several "best." 2. In historical order may be named Driver's "Introduction to the Old Testament," Salmond's "Introduction to the New Testament," W. R. Smith's "Old Testament in the Jewish Church" and "Prophets of Israel," G. A. Smith's "The Twelve Prophets" (in the Expositor's Bible Series), Kautzsch's "History of the Literature of the Old Testament," Cheyne's "Jewish Religious Life After the Exile," Wendt's "Teaching of Jesus," Bruce's "Kingdom of God" and "Parabolic Teaching of Jesus," Mathews's "Social Teaching of Jesus," McGiffert's "History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age," Gladden's "Seven Puzzling Books," Whiton's "Gloria Patri, or Talks on the Trinity." 3. Referred to our readers. 4. The Outlook recently commended Dr. W. N. Clarke's "Outlines of Theology" as of the best kind.

The verses, "No Sect in Heaven," inquired for April 22, we learn from various correspondents were first published in the "Berkshire Courier," August, 1860, by Mrs. E. H. J. Cleaveland, and have been reprinted as a booklet by George H. Buchanan & Co., Philadelphia, also by P. Garrett & Co., Philadelphia, in "One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 2" (30 cents). They are also in a 5-cent leaflet sold by T. B. Ventres, Brooklyn. A copy kindly sent us has been forwarded to the inquirer.

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The Home Club

Home Department of Estimate and Apportionment

The division or apportionment of the family income, if not the most important, is one of the most important decisions that the heads of the family make. On it and the honesty and rigidity with which the decision is enforced or maintained depend to a great degree the family happiness. The discussion of money matters too rarely precedes marriage. Often there is a misapprehension of the financial basis on which the new family must be established, false pride on the one hand and false education on the other making frankness impossible. The expenses of a home so often appear out of all proportion to the results obtained that the head of the family often doubts the wisdom of the administration of this share. The unexpected expenses of housekeeping always exceed the expected. Then it is true that a wife has too often to learn how to use money, never having had an independent income. A husband too often has had income without responsibility, and has not learned how to share. He means to be generous. He frequently is with what is left after his own wants are supplied: not often enough is he generous with the whole; not often enough does he learn that what was perfectly proper when the income supported one is improper, because selfish, when it must support a home, and meet the personal expenses of two or more. Very often a man of limited income forms club and social relations that represent standards of living far beyond his personal resources. It is not long since some one defined a club as a home supported by rich old men for poor young men needed to lead cotillions. The modern club-house is a place of luxury; it represents the income of an immense capital. The man of limited income who becomes accustomed to its luxury, service, and convenience, acquires tastes far beyond his ability to gratify in any home made possible by his personal income. His lack of knowledge of the purchasing power of money makes him sometimes an unjust critic, while he may not be an outspoken critic. Nowhere are there such possibilities for expenditure that does not show as in housekeeping; nowhere are there greater possibilities of waste. Sometimes this waste is due to the ignorance of the home-maker. Many women deplore the experience bought at the expense of a husband's earnings in the first days of housekeeping. The opportunities for training in the art of home-making, the literature that is devoted to this many-sided art, have done, are doing, much to make the administration of the home far easier, the results of money and time expended far greater.

An accepted standard and a careful calculation on the cost of maintaining it are the first two issues to be adjusted and provided for. After that there is required the business and executive ability to secure a return in happiness, ease, rest, and love. This portion of the family expenditures affects every member of the family, and is the most important. Personal expenditures can be adjusted readily, but the standard of family living is a fixed quantity, except when sudden disaster or prosperity demands a change.

Frankness between the husband and wife, perfect accord as to the division of income, and preservation of a margin where there is not entire protection for the future, are the safeguards of the family life.

School-Room Experiments

A most interesting article appeared in "The Child Study Monthly" for March on "Nervousness and Fatigue in the School-Room," written by a former principal of primary grades. The writer, Mrs. S. E. Ware, has had eighteen years' experience in teaching, and in that time has made many experiments to determine the causes of exhaustion and its prevention in the school-room, especially in the primary grades. The results of these experiments are important and instructive. The article is a protest against the statement, made by the Bureau of Education at Washington, that "the average child of twelve years is not capable of more than thirty-five minutes of continuous study without becoming fatigued." Mrs. Ware does not accept this conclusion; she says

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that if the child of that age is incapable of sustained effort beyond that period of time it is because "his training has been wholly at fault, and only such as should be given to weaklings."

Mrs. Ware began her experiment with arithmetic, and found that signs of fatigue appeared in ten minutes. Work was stopped at once. At the end of four months this group of children could work with enjoyment and without fatigue one hour. Her conclusion was: "I became convinced in my own mind, from this experience, that nervousness over school work comes to a child, not because he is worked too hard, but because of his consciousness that he is not able mentally to meet the requirements, and that fatigue or lack of endurance comes wholly from a lack of training or from poor training." Being made principal of a primary grade enlarged Mrs. Ware's opportunity for experiment and observation. Spelling and reading were added to number work. Fifty children were divided into five groups, divided as nearly as possible on the basis of mental and physical equality. At the end of four months twelve in the first division could work without fatigue for forty-five minutes, while eight in the fifth group could work but ten minutes. The first division then took books, and Mrs. Ware says:

I devoted myself for one half-hour each morning to showing them how to get the thought from the printed page, using several devices for this, and also how to study a lesson so that they could be able to reproduce it upon the slate or paper, or, in other words, how to spell. At the end of six months the five classes had consolidated into three, and the first division or class was ready for second reader. These were now able to concentrate their minds upon reading from any first reader, or upon spelling, for three-fourths of an hour, without showing any signs whatever of fatigue.

As these children passed into higher grades the teachers reported: "No nervousness and great powers of endurance." Mrs. Ware concludes: "I have never seen a child nervous about his school work who felt sure of himself in his work. . . . Nervousness comes only with the consciousness of inability, either real or supposed. Make the child master of the situation by giving him a good understanding of what he is doing, and his nervousness will disappear."

This testimony, whether conclusive or not, is a valuable guide to parents who are made anxious by the evident worry and nervousness of even young children over school work. That there is something wrong is certain when a growing child suffers from anxiety, and the causes should be removed.

An Unsanitary Practice

The New York Health Board urges housekeepers to refuse to buy vegetables or fruits exposed to the dust of the street. The dust that accumulates on these exposed food products is often laden with disease-germs, and if this were not so, it is uncleanly and unsanitary. Meat, game, and poultry are rarely so exposed, except in the lower tenement-house neighborhoods. While it is true that all such foods are washed, peeled, or cooked before being eaten, it does not follow that all the germ-laden deposit is either removed or sterilized. Foods of all kinds should be protected from all possible contamination; and the demand made by housekeepers will be met by the merchants.

The Cultivated Voice

The American Voice Culture Society has for its object, as its name indicates, the cultivation of the speaking as well as the singing voice. The Society purposes training the voices of children especially. Groups of children from the schools have been organized in classes and taught to sing sweetly and clearly, and at sight, difficult music. The director recognizes the difficulties to be overcome because of the false, disagreeable voices that the children constantly hear. The Society is endeavoring to have the cultivation of the speaking voice made a part of the training of teachers. When this is accomplished, it believes that the nasal, rasping tones will disappear, and no longer be the distinguishing mark of so many Americans.

New Love and Old Love

Time brought me many another friend
  That loved me longer;
New love was kind, but in the end
  Old love was stronger.
Years come and go. No New Year yet
  Hath slain December,
And all that should have cried, Forget!
  Cries but—Remember!

—*New York Times.*

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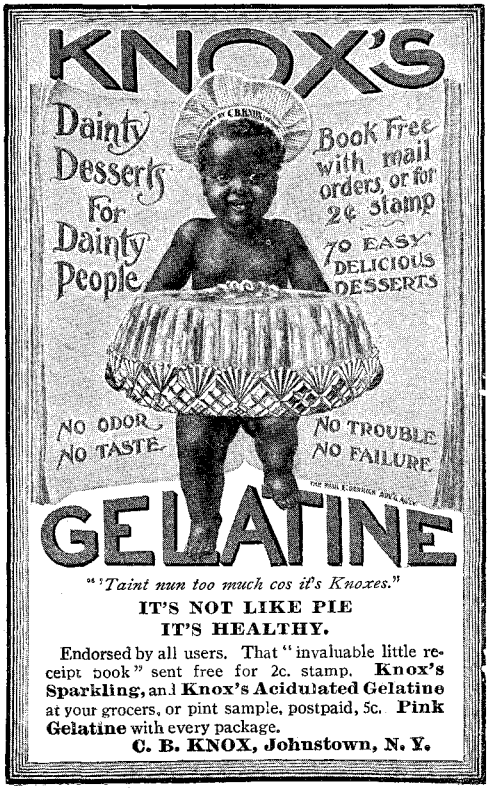
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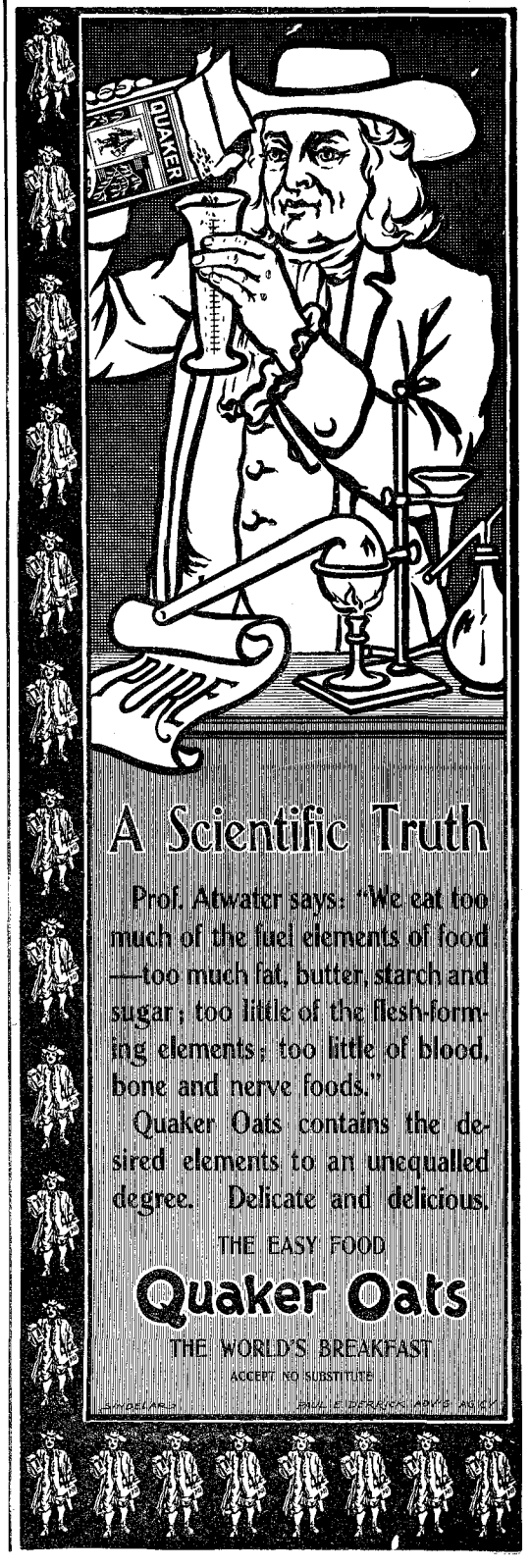
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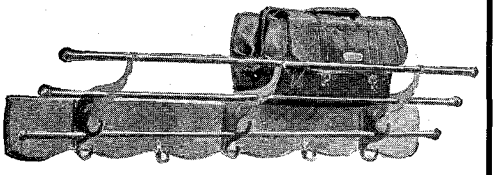

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